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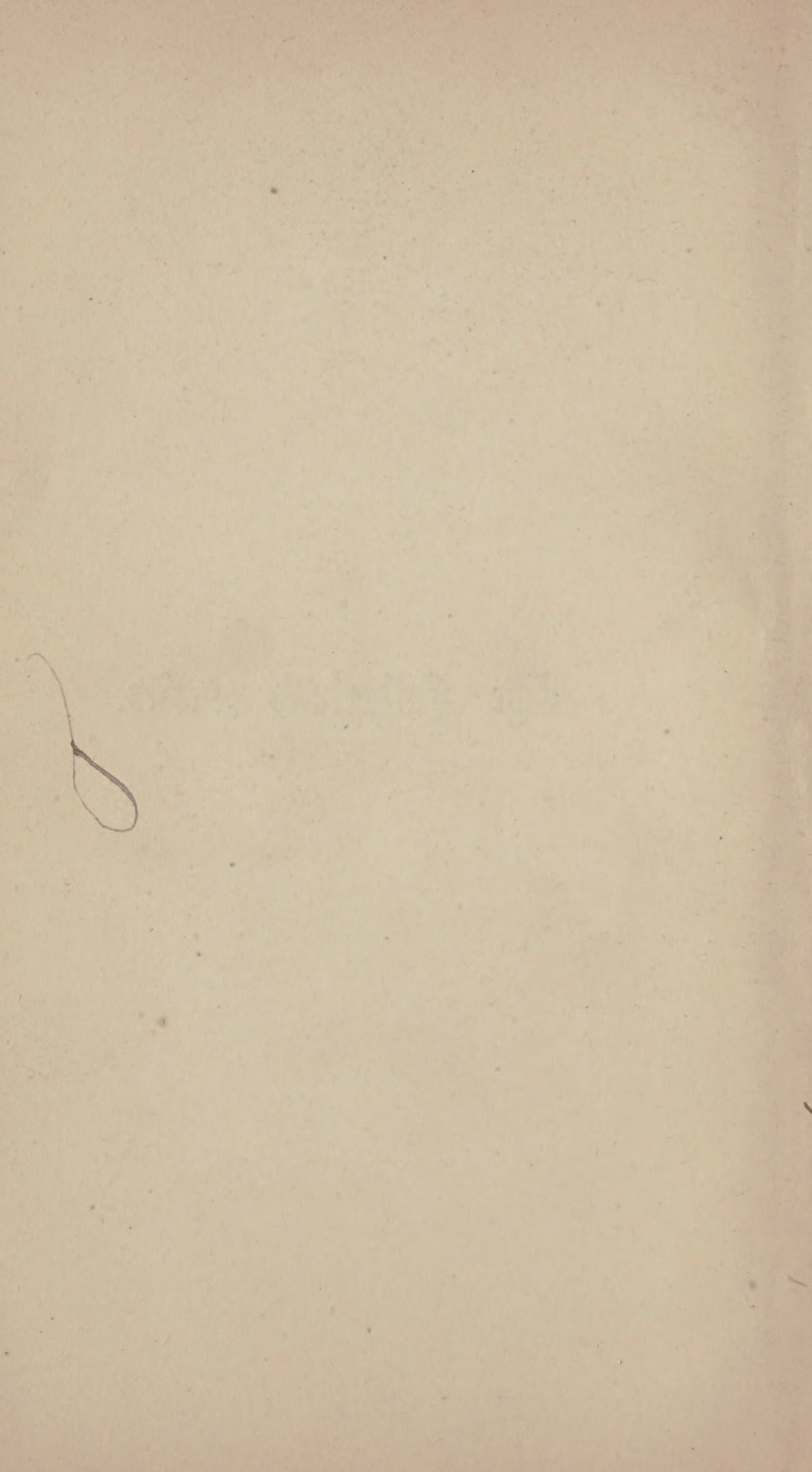
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The Fatherland Series.

The Iron Age.

From the German.

PHILADELPHIA:

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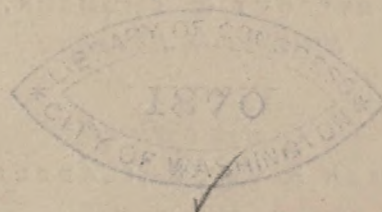
THE
IRON AGE OF GERMANY.

Translated from the German

OF
FRANZ HOFFMANN,

BY REBECCA H. SCHIVELY.

WITH
A HISTORIC SKETCH OF THE TIME,
By C. P. KRAUTH, D.D.



PHILADELPHIA:
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PUBLISHED

BY

ST. PETER'S EVAN. LUTHERAN
SUNDAY-SCHOOL

OF

BARREN HILL, PA.

REV. J. R. DIMM, PASTOR.



THE IRON AGE OF GERMANY.

I.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

*“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the
Lord will take me up.”*

IT was near the close of a bleak day in February. The sun had almost touched the horizon, and was casting a dull red light across the fields, which were still clad in snow—not white and soft, but gray and muddy. Not a human form could be seen as far as sight could reach. A flock of crows had collected in a grove of tall, slender trees by the roadside, and were noisily contending

for the best-sheltered places among the leafless branches. Some half a league distant the walls and towers of the fortress of Magdeburg glimmered through the misty air; the grand cathedral, with its mighty pyramidal spire, rising high above the rest of the town like a gigantic sentinel. A chill, moist wind swept over the plain, driving before it the few snow-flakes that floated slowly downward from the clouds that hung dim and dreary above the cheerless landscape.

And now a solitary foot-traveler appeared upon the well-worn road that led to the town. He walked very slowly, apparently because he was weary, for he often stopped for some minutes at a time to lean on the stout, knobbed stick he carried, and cast longing glances toward the city. Measuring with his eyes the path that lay between him and its gates, he sighed deeply; the distance was not, indeed, very great, yet he seemed to

doubt whether he could accomplish it. "But I must!" he said to himself; "I must, if I would not perish with cold and hunger!"

He summoned all his remaining strength and pressed forward, panting for breath, and now and then stumbling. His appearance was most pitiful. He could scarcely walk; his clothing was soiled and ragged, and barely sufficed to cover him. His poor, weary feet were encased in worn shoes—so worn that his toes peeped through the holes. An old fox-skin cap covered his head, which drooped mournfully upon his bosom. Hunger, distress, exhaustion, were written upon his pale, wasted features. Large drops rolled from his forehead, his lips now and then quivered painfully, and many tears flowed over the haggard cheeks from eyes that seemed to have lost all their fire.

He was, indeed, a picture of misery; yet, on approaching that trembling figure, one

would have been surprised to observe a certain noble expression which made itself visible in spite of the poverty of his external appearance. The traveler was still very young—scarcely more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. Clustering locks of brown hair strayed from beneath the old cap; his countenance, though wasted, was comely and pleasant; his eyes were large, and though heavy and mournful, still their tender blue hue was like the soft light of the lovely amethyst. Nor did a slight and pliant form and white hands harmonize with his tattered clothes, but seemed to intimate that this poor, half-starved creature had seen better days.

Toiling onward with great difficulty, he reached the grove in which the crows were still cawing and quarreling, and looked sadly up at them.

“It is well for you,” he said, with a sigh.
“The merciful Lord has given you warm

clothing. He feeds you even at the bitterest season. At the worst, all the sufferings you have to endure you bear in company. For me, I am alone; I am cold, I am hungry, I am tired almost to death, and no one cares for me! O God, have pity on a poor orphan!"

He raised his eyes imploringly to the darkening sky and clasped his hands in prayer on the top of his staff. The last dull glow of the setting sun fell upon his face and was reflected from the tears that clung to his long eyelashes. For a moment he stood thus, absorbed in silent, earnest petitions. Were they heard in heaven? Ah, dear reader, is believing prayer ever unheard?

In the next moment a faithless soul might well have doubted; for, once more endeavoring to proceed on his journey, the poor boy's strength failed him; reeling for a moment from one side to the other, the ground seemed to give way beneath his steps, his stout stick

no longer supported him, and with a faint cry he fell and lay motionless on the cold earth. His eyes were closed and he scarcely breathed.

How lonely, how deserted he seemed! But because he was *not* alone, because He who clothes the birds watched no less over this his child, the boy was not suffered to perish. Five minutes had not passed when the rapid trot of a horse resounded along the frozen road, and directly a tall, fine-looking man appeared, mounted on a noble animal, which started aside in affright on seeing the apparently lifeless form stretched across its path.

“What have we here?” exclaimed the rider, curbing his restive horse; “a young man, unconscious—perhaps dead! I must see to him!”

The horse was easily quieted, and now stood quite still, while his master, saying a

few soothing words and stroking him gently, sprang from his saddle, then leaned over the unconscious youth and raised his head, looking compassionately into his face.

“Poor fellow!” he murmured. “How he must have suffered in these stormy times! Thank God, he is still living! I can save him!”

He gently laid the boy's head down, and took from his saddle-bags a small flask of wine. Pouring a little of it into his hand, he rubbed the boy's forehead and temples, and then put the mouth of the flask to his lips. The now half-conscious youth drank, and seemed as if animated by new life; he opened his eyes and gazed with a wondering expression at the man who was bending over him.

“Oh, sir,” he inquired with difficulty, “where am I?”

“With a friend, my poor boy,” replied the

stranger, kindly. "Drink a little more of this; it will strengthen you."

The youth eagerly took a few drops from the flask. His eyes recovered their natural expression as consciousness returned, and in a few moments, with the aid of his benefactor, he was able to rise and stand, leaning upon his stick.

"Thank you, sir!" he said. "You have, no doubt, saved my life, and God will one day repay your kindness. I am stronger now, and I hope I shall be able to reach the town."

"Have you friends or relations there?"

"No, I am acquainted with no one in Magdeburg," replied the boy, sadly, "but I must try to find food and shelter there; if nothing better, at least a crust of bread and permission to sleep in some shed. I am almost starving, dear sir; but I trust that God will not forsake me!"

“He has not forsaken you, my son! I see you are too weak to walk. Get up behind me on my horse, and hold fast by my belt. It will soon be quite dark, and as you are a stranger to the city, it might be difficult for you to find lodgings. For to-night, at least, you must stay at my house; afterward we shall see what can be done for you. Do not be afraid; my horse is gentle.”

With these words he mounted and extended his hand to assist the boy, who, notwithstanding his weakness, took his seat quickly and easily, and retained it with a very slight hold upon his companion's belt.

“It is not the first time you have been on horseback?” said the stranger, a little surprised.

“Oh no, sir!” the boy answered; “I have managed many horses. I have been accustomed to them ever since I was a child. I never was afraid, even of the most spirited

ones. Ah, that is all over now! My parents are dead, and all they had is gone; their house and stables were burned down, and the cattle and horses driven away, I am the only one of the family left—a poor, homeless beggar!”

“What sorrows for one so young!” exclaimed the kind stranger. “Who were your parents, and where was your home? How did all these misfortunes happen you?”

“Oh, sir, it is a sad story; it almost breaks my heart to think of it! My father lived on a fine estate in the country, near the boundary line between Saxony and Bohemia, and at such a distance from the great highway of the army that, until the calamity I have mentioned to you, we scarcely suffered any of the distresses of the war, though it has raged for so many years and caused so much sorrow and death. Only once in a while a band of marauders would make their appearance in

the village, but their demands were always moderate, and they retired as soon as my father and the peasants had satisfied them."

"What was your father's name?"

"Hans von Waldon, formerly captain in the imperial service. But for twenty years he had laid aside the sword and devoted himself to the cultivation of his land. He was very, very kind. The peasants all loved him, and regarded him as a just father rather than as a strict master. Yet there was always something soldierly about him, and perhaps this was one reason why he was so little troubled by the straggling freebooters that I have mentioned. This being the case, we unfortunately learned to feel ourselves quite secure; my dear, brave father, particularly, knew no fear. My mother, indeed, often warned us, and entreated my father most urgently to remove to a greater distance from the scene of war—far enough to be spared

any annoyance whatever—but he only smiled at our fears.

“‘Be easy, mother,’ he used to say. ‘An old soldier is always a match for soldiers!’

“Ah, if he had but listened to her! About a league from our village my father possessed a fine, large, fruitful valley, which, however, was only used as pasture land. There my dear mother thought we might live undisturbed until the tumult of war should be over. It would have been somewhat difficult, indeed, to molest any one residing there, for the only entrance to the valley is one neither easy to find nor hard to defend, even against a considerable force. This pass lies between high, wall-like sandstone rocks, and is scarcely six feet broad. But, as I said, my father would not be persuaded to go there; it seemed to him so cowardly to creep behind the rocks for protection.

“For a long time all went well, but at last

the destroying storm burst over our heads. It was at the dear, holy Christmas-time, just before the happy evening that children's hearts so love. My brother and sisters and myself were enjoying our Christmas tree and the many beautiful presents that our parents had laid under its bending branches for us. How full of joy and thankfulness we were that night, not only to our dear father and mother, but to God for the best gift of all—the precious Saviour whose birth we were celebrating! All danger was forgotten, when suddenly one of our peasants burst in with the news that a scouting party of rough soldiery—foot and horse—was approaching the village. My father received the intelligence coolly, but my mother was more seriously alarmed than she had ever been before, and begged my father to flee while there was yet time. We might still, she urged, save ourselves, our cattle and some of our goods, by

hiding in the silver-ground—for so was the valley called—and whatever we might lose, we should escape the worst. But my father still resisted her entreaties, relying on his ability to repel this attack, as he had other similar ones.

“‘They are but soldiers,’ he said. ‘I am not afraid of them!’

“For a long time we had not been visited by any very desperate parties; but those who were now preparing to attack our village were of the most lawless kind that a long life of plunder and bloodshed can produce. They were a fierce-looking set; their clothing was tattered, but their weapons were bright. A number of them, with a ruffianly fellow at their head, came into our yard and shouted rudely for the master of the house. My father went fearlessly to meet them, accosting the leader in his usual quiet, civil manner.

“‘You may take all you need, Herr com-

rade,' he said to the man whose fierce looks frightened all the rest of us; 'only, I beg of you, keep your party in order, and do not allow any violence.'

"'Oho!' exclaimed the ruffian, with a scornful laugh; 'does this country fellow mean to dictate terms to us? Fell the insolent hound to the earth, men, and then in and clear the house! The sport must be up in an hour!'

"'You will not enter the house like robbers and murderers!' said my father, warmly. 'Whatever you require will be given you. I hope I have to do with honorable soldiers, not with outlaws!'

"'Dog!' thundered the ruffian, snatching a pistol from his saddle-girth; 'this for your boldness!' And with these words he leveled the pistol at my father and stretched him dead on the ground. Then the furious rabble rushed into the house, wasting and destroying

everything, and striking down every person they met. I had seized my father's sword, and, with some of the servants, tried to keep back the invaders. But, strong though we felt in our desperation, what could we do against such a number? A blow from the flat side of a sword left me senseless on the ground. My mother, my brother and sisters were all cut down without mercy. None of the servants—either men or women—were spared. A faithful old domestic, who had had the care of our horses, snatched me from the bloody spot. Concealed by the smoke that filled the rooms, he carried me away in the hope of reaching the nearest wood. This he had almost done when a musket ball, too well aimed, struck him in the back, shattering the spine.

“‘Fly, Carl; fly into the woods!’ he said to me with his last breath. ‘They are coming after us!’

“Terrified, and only yet half conscious, I obeyed him, and quickly reached the protecting wood. A shot or two sounded behind me, but the bullets whizzed past without touching me. I went on as far as I had strength to run, and sank down at last, faint and exhausted, on a heap of dry leaves under the bare trees.

“I lay there weeping in agony until it was quite dark. Then I rose and tried to find out exactly where I was, intending to go back to the village. Alas, I was not obliged to seek the road very long! In the direction of the village the sky was glowing with a brilliant red light. I hurried toward it, and as soon as I was out of the woods my suspicions were sadly confirmed. The outlaws had thrown firebrands into the houses, and all the village was in a blaze. Oh what a fearful sight it was! Nothing was to be seen of the enemy; there was not a living human being,

indeed, anywhere around. Cautiously I went nearer. Nothing stirred. There was no sound save the roaring and crackling of the flames; all else lay in the stillness of death. What a miserable Christmas eve! All were snatched from me at one dreadful moment—parents, home, brother, sisters—*all!* I wept half the night, until at last, quite worn out, I fell asleep under the open sky. When I awoke in the morning, nothing was left of the village but a heap of black and smoking ruins. Heavy-hearted and tearful, I searched every spot, hoping to find some one alive, but in vain. All that had made the happiness of my childhood lay buried in one awful grave; not a single heart beat in my old home to comfort me or to suffer with me. A few hours had made me an orphan and a beggar.

“I lingered there three days, thinking that some others might, like myself, have escaped and would come back. But I was disap-

pointed. If there were any who had not been murdered, the enemy must have made them prisoners. Hunger at last drove me from the place. I cut a staff for myself, cast one farewell look upon the ruins of my dear home, and turned my back upon it, perhaps for ever. Since then I have wandered from place to place begging my bread. Many a night, when I could find no other shelter, I have slept under a haystack or in a shed. When I saw the towers of Magdeburg in the distance, I resolved to go there and look for some work by which to support my dreary life. But when I reached the spot where you found me, dear sir, I could go no farther; I was exhausted by hunger and fatigue. Without your kindness I should, perhaps, have died like a dog, lying there by the roadside. Oh, it is terrible!"

"Terrible indeed, my poor Carl! I pity you with all my heart!" returned his kind

benefactor, with deep emotion. "But be comforted, and try to overcome your grief for the past. God would not have us mourn as those without hope. He has led me to you, and I will not forsake you. You shall find a second home in my house so long as it shelters me and mine. But we live in troublous times, and no one can feel secure. What has happened to you may soon be my own lot. The sword of war hangs threateningly over our heads. In the Lord alone can we hope for protection. Magdeburg is a strongly-fortified town, but a mortal enemy lurks, like a tiger, not far distant, ready at any moment to spring upon it. The iron-hearted Tilly is at hand; any day may bring us news of the approach of his army. Well, it must be as God wills; we must only wait his pleasure in humble faith."

They rode on silently until, just as the shades of night fell, they entered the city.

Passing through a heavy, arched gate, they traversed the "Broad Way," as the principal street of Magdeburg was even then called, and about a hundred paces from the entrance to the city the horse stopped before a large house, in which several windows were brilliantly lighted.

"This is my house and your home, at least for the present, my boy," said Carl's protector. "The blessing of the Lord be upon your stay here, and may you find with us at least a portion of the happiness you have lost!"

The house door at this moment opened, and an old servant came out with a lantern, respectfully saluting his master, but casting a look of surprise and inquiry at the youth.

"This young man is to live with us, Gottschalk," said the master. "See that he has a good supper and a comfortable bed at once; it is too late for introductions to-night."

So saying, the gentleman, whom the old servant addressed as Herr Sparnagel, gave up to him the bridle of his horse, and with a friendly glance and nod to his young companion, and a word of assurance that Gottschalk would do all that was necessary to his comfort for the night, went up the high flight of steps to the second story of the house.

The horse being put into the stable, Carl was conducted into the large, old-fashioned kitchen, and kindly served by the old domestic. Then he was shown to a room with a comfortable bed, and left alone. Full of thankfulness, he knelt and poured out his fervent praise and prayer to God, who had brought him, after so many trials and dangers, into so quiet a haven of rest; after which he soon fell into a deep and refreshing sleep.



II.

TRUE GRATITUDE.

"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

SAD and trying times indeed they were which had brought the unfortunate Carl von Waldon into the house of the wealthy Magdeburg merchant, Herr Sparnagel, as a dependent on his bounty. The eventful war, which was wasting the finest bloom of German life, and causing untold miseries to the people, had now raged for thirteen years, and none could predict when it would end. But at the time of the commencement of our story, an important crisis seemed approaching. Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish king to

whom the sorely-tried Protestants had appealed for aid, had landed on the German shores, and was everywhere driving the imperial troops before him. The king's successes emboldened the administrator of the rich archbishopric of Magdeburg, Prince Christian Wilhelm of Brandenburg (who had, a few years before, been proscribed by the emperor and had taken flight), to return to the city secretly and in disguise. There he unexpectedly appeared before the Assembly of the States, and called upon that body to make a compact with Gustavus Adolphus for the protection of the Protestant faith. His appeal was favorably received. Magdeburg and its vicinity had already suffered from the destructive violence of the imperial troops under Wallenstein—treatment which was not easily forgotten. An agreement was concluded between the city and the Swedish king, by which Magdeburg assured to Gus-

tavus Adolphus entrance into its territory and through its gates, in consideration of a solemn promise of protection in their religion and their rights.

Directly after the conclusion of this compact, the administrator, Christian Wilhelm, raised an armed force, and commenced hostilities against the imperial troops before Gustavus Adolphus was near enough to render him effectual aid. At first he gained some advantages ; he captured several divisions of the enemy's forces, won some trifling victories, and even surprised the city of Halle. But the approach of Tilly's army soon obliged him to retreat in haste to Magdeburg, and the city would now have been exposed to the horrors of a siege, but that the Swedish king just at this time made considerable advances, with important results. Count von Pappenheim had not only approached Magdeburg, but had driven the administrator's troops

from all the surrounding posts ; and already, after a fruitless summons to Prince Christian Wilhelm to surrender, Tilly was disposing his forces so as to surround the fortress on all sides, when he received news that the important city of Frankfort-on-the-Oder was threatened by Gustavus Adolphus. This caused him suddenly to raise the siege, in order to meet the King of Sweden as speedily as possible ; but, in withdrawing his troops, he did so with a threat of an early and terrible return.

This was the state of affairs when Herr Sparnagel offered to the youth he had found on the road the protection of his house. The threatening cloud had rolled away for a time, and the citizens could breathe freely ; but at any moment it might return and scatter its dreaded lightnings upon their heads. It was not without good reason that Herr Sparnagel had said that no one, in such times, could

feel secure against sudden destruction and misery. As a prudent head of a family, he had prepared himself for every emergency; he had some time before converted as much of his property as he could into gold and jewels, which could be easily concealed, or, if necessary, carried away. The little treasure lay hidden in the lowest cellar of his house, in a place hard to be discovered by the very closest search.

Carl soon felt very much at home in Herr Sparnagel's little family; his sorrows and his orphaned state were enough to call forth all their sympathy, and he was welcomed among them as one of their own. Frau Sparnagel—a lady of noble appearance and still more noble heart—bestowed upon him a mother's love, a mother's care. Their only child, Elizabeth—a pretty, gentle little girl of six—soon learned to love her new brother dearly. A few days sufficed to alter his appearance

from what it had been when we first met him on the road to Magdeburg, weary in heart and in body. Provided by Frau Sparnagel with clean linen and good, suitable clothing, it was easier to recognize the grace and beauty with which God had endowed him. But, more than mere personal attractions, his un-failing gentleness and docility won for him the affection of his benefactors. One needed only to look into that open, earnest countenance to see that a soul dwelt within from which divine grace had driven falsehood and malice far away.

Full of gratitude to the friends who had so kindly and tenderly received him, Carl cherished no dearer wish than that of repaying their benefits in rich measure.

For the present, indeed, there was but little hope of the fulfillment of his wish, and he was obliged to be content with making himself as useful as he could to Herr Spar-

nagel's family, and with trying by his cheerful and obliging deportment to deserve their disinterested kindness. He played with the little Elizabeth, and told her many a pretty story and pleasant saying that he had heard in happier days from his father's lips; for Herr Sparnagel he attended to every little business that was entrusted to him with great zeal and discretion. As to his second mother, he read her wishes in her eyes, and sought with touching earnestness to gratify them.

Days and weeks passed away in sweet, familiar intercourse, and Carl would have been content so to spend his life. But again the thunders of war were heard muttering in the distance, and, speedily approaching nearer and nearer, filled every Magdeburger's heart with dread. The imperial field-marshal, Tilly, had not been able to relieve Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and it was soon known in the city that he was returning, fierce as an enraged lion, to

wreak his vengeance on the fortress of Magdeburg.

It was on a rough, stormy night, early in March, 1731, that Herr Sparnagel returned from a session of the magistracy, in whose council his voice was among the most influential—often decisive—in trying crises; his brow was gloomy and sad as the clouds that lowered in the sky, and his dark eyes were full of earnest gravity, even when he took his place in the little family circle gathered around the blazing hearth. Alarmed by the expression of anxiety so unusual with him, his wife took his hand and looked at him with tender, inquiring eyes.

“What has happened to distress you, dear husband?” she asked. “May we not know? Troubles shared are always lightened, and surely you will allow your wife a part in your anxieties.”

“Indeed,” replied Herr Sparnagel, “it is

true that our hearts should draw closer and closer together. I fear sad days are before us. There is scarcely any doubt that Tilly is approaching Magdeburg with a large army, and all the horrors of a siege will be inevitable!"

"God will be with us in the time of danger, dear husband!" said his pious wife. "And I cannot think our situation so very desperate. Magdeburg is a strong fortress, and if the powerful Wallenstein could not take it, the bloodthirsty Tilly may also fail. Thick walls and deep moats are around us, and the noble Gustavus Adolphus is not so far off but that he can soon come to our relief, if it should be necessary. I do not fear! You have told me yourself that we have a brave and reliable garrison; and I am sure our citizens are all courageous men, ready to draw the sword to protect their homes, their wives and children from the enemy."

"All very true," rejoined Herr Sparnagel, shaking his head with a most discouraged expression; "but, nevertheless, I fear the worst. I cannot shake off this oppressive anxiety. Our garrison is brave, indeed, and the courage of our citizens cannot be questioned. But the enemy has a force more than three times as great as ours, and Tilly is justly renowned as a commander. He has conquered in a hundred battles; will success desert him before the gates of Magdeburg? Oh, I wish that you, dear wife, and our precious little Elizabeth, were far away in safety. I think it would be best for you to go and take with you the little treasure I have concealed in the cellar. Let things go as the Lord will; if I may but be assured of your safety, I fear nothing for myself!"

Frau Sparnagel had listened with visible surprise and pain, and now she drew closer still to her husband.

"I cannot believe that you are in earnest!" she remonstrated. "*I* leave you in the hour of danger? Never! God has joined my lot to yours, and I should feel it a crime to separate myself from you! With you I await joy or grief, life or death, according to the will of our Father in heaven. I am your faithful wife, and whatever comes to you I can endure at your side!"

"Spoken as a true German wife should speak!" said a deep voice behind them; it was that of a man who had entered the room unperceived during their conversation.

Carl looked up and saw a tall, powerful-looking person of martial appearance, heavily bearded, and with clear, penetrating eyes fixed respectfully upon the earnest countenance of Frau Sparnagel.

"I say you are right, madame!" continued the new-comer, "and your husband would not do well to send you away."

“Oh, Herr Dietrich von Falkenberg, you do not know what it is to see wife and child threatened with privation and danger!” said Herr Sparnagel, rising and offering his hand to his guest, while the latter bowed. “You know, I am sure, as well as I do, that we must ere long undergo a trying siege. How much this means, you, as a tried soldier and captain under Gustavus Adolphus, must know far better than I, for to your valor and prudence his majesty has entrusted the defence of our city.”

“And defend it I will, to the last drop of my blood!” replied Falkenberg, with grave earnestness. “But we are not, as yet, in any trouble, nor have we received any reliable information. Who knows but that this storm may blow over, especially if my king and commander succeeds in forming an alliance with the electoral prince of Brandenburg and Saxony? Let him but pass unhindered

through your country, and Tilly will scarcely undertake to maintain a siege."

"Even then, Herr Captain, what anxiety for my wife and child!"

"And would you be less anxious, sir, if you had sent them from you? Where else, in this disturbed German land, would they find surer protection? The tide of war rolls to-day here, to-morrow there; no man can say what direction it will take next. Where else could your wife be more secure than in this strong fortress, behind wall and moat, which we must and will defend with our lives? No, Herr Sparnagel, your wife is right; she does well and nobly not to leave you!"

The merchant seemed convinced by the reasoning of his soldier friend, for he offered no further opposition.

"Be it so," he said, holding out his hand to his wife; "we will be one in suffering and in death!"

A look of faithful love and mutual understanding beamed from the eyes of both, and a closer pressure of their united hands sealed the agreement.

"But, Herr Captain," said Sparnagel, again turning to Dietrich von Falkenberg, "you certainly have not visited me so late only to be umpire between me and my good wife. What is your errand? Can I serve you in any way? You know that I am at your command, with all I possess."

"I have, indeed, an important errand to you, Herr Sparnagel," answered Falkenberg. "For some time we have had no accurate information of the strength or the position of the enemy, and it is of the greatest importance to us to find a discreet and reliable person who will obtain such information for us. Could you recommend to me any person upon whose fidelity, discretion and intelligence I could depend? I need such a man as a

spy, and as his mission will be a dangerous one, he may count upon a rich reward if it is faithfully and successfully executed. You are acquainted with many people here; for that reason I apply to you. Please be so kind, my friend, as to think."

Herr Sparnagel reflected silently.

"*Prudent, intelligent, faithful*—those are qualities one seldom finds united," said he. "Willingly as I would serve you, Herr von Falkenberg, I fear I can offer nothing but the wish. I know no one, indeed, to whose discretion I could entrust such a mission. Besides, who will run the risk of being taken as a spy? You will hardly find such a person as you seek!"

"I shall be very sorry, then, for the safety of the city, in a great measure, depends upon my success," returned Falkenberg. "I cannot take proper measures for its defence without knowing what is the position of the enemy

and how strong he is. I do beg you, Herr Sparnagel, try to think of some proper person!"

The merchant meditated; he rubbed his forehead and thought of all the men he knew; but at last shook his head again—none would do. Carl had listened with eager attention to the conversation, his handsome face becoming red and pale by turns. At this point he suddenly rose and approached Dietrich von Falkenberg.

"Herr Commandant," he said, "I do not know whether I am wise and prudent enough for a spy, but in good will, in courage and in faithfulness I do not think I am wanting. Trust me, and I will brave any peril to bring you the information you desire."

Falkenberg scanned the youth from head to foot, and nodded complacently.

"Who is he?" he asked of Herr Sparnagel.

"My adopted son," replied the latter,

quickly. "He is thoroughly good and brave, but I cannot consent that he should be exposed to such dangers."

"I do not think the danger will be so very great," pleaded Carl. "Who will notice a young, insignificant boy like me? I can slip around anywhere. Indeed, I have already thought of the dress and character that I will assume."

"And what may they be?" asked Falkenberg.

"Well, I will dress like a peasant boy, and drive a donkey-cart," answered Carl. "Then I will try and get into Tilly's camp, and if any one questions me, I will say—what is true—that I have lost my home and my parents through the war, and that I am getting my living by a small trade in wine and provisions. I do not think I shall get into any difficulty."

"Your idea is good," said Falkenberg. "If you are as faithful and discreet as you

seem intelligent, I can find no better messenger. I will procure for you clothing, donkey, wagon, wine and provisions, and if you return with the information I need, you shall receive the promised reward."

"Oh, please do not speak of that, Herr Commandant!" entreated Carl. "I do not risk my life for money, but for love of my kind adopted parents, who have taken me to their home and to their hearts. I am glad, too, to be able to serve you, in being useful to the city and fortress. Let me go, sir! I will do my best, indeed I will; and even if I should lose my life, what will it matter? Whether I, a poor boy, am in the world or not is of very little consequence!"

"No, Carl, I will not let you go!" interrupted Herr Sparnagel. "You are a mere child in years and experience, and you do not know what peril you would incur, and I, your adopted father, dare not allow you to rush

blindly into such danger. Remain at home, I command you!"

"My good, my dear friend, my father, you will not grieve me so deeply! You have saved my life, and oh how much I am indebted to you and yours! Think, sir, what happiness it would be for me to aid in securing the safety of my dear adopted mother! I *know* God will be with me and protect me, for he never forsakes those who walk in the right way! Let me go, then, and do not be afraid for me, for the Lord will be with me wherever I may go!"

Dietrich von Falkenberg warmly seconded Carl's entreaties, and with sound arguments, until at last Herr Sparnagel was constrained to yield.

"Go, then, with God's blessing!" he said to the generous boy. "Our love and our prayers will follow you everywhere! When must he go, Herr Commandant?"

"The sooner the better," replied Falkenberg. "Every hour is of importance. The little outfit he will need can be easily provided for him. He can go very early to-morrow morning, and if you do not object, I will take him home with me to-night."

It being settled that Carl should go, Herr von Falkenberg easily overcame all objections to this proposition; the youth himself joyfully expressing his willingness to follow him. He took leave of his adopted parents and his little sister Elizabeth. Frau Sparnagel embraced and kissed him with the tenderness of a mother.

"You are a good son; your trust in the Saviour is well grounded," she said, earnestly. "He will never forsake you!"

Herr Sparnagel pressed his hand warmly.

"The Lord keep you!" he said, solemnly. "Whatever be your lot, our love will be with you as long as we have life!"

Carl then embraced and kissed little Elizabeth, and with one last, loving look at the beloved family, he tore himself away, and accompanied the commandant through the dark, silent streets to his quarters

“I thank thee, O God!” he prayed, before he lay down for a few hours’ sleep—“I thank thee that thou hast permitted me to prove my love and gratitude to the dear friends thou hast given me! I go forth under thy care, my Lord and my God! If thou art with me, of what shall I be afraid? Guide and protect me in this dangerous enterprise, for the sake of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ!”





III.

THE YOUNG SPY.

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him."

TWILIGHT was still struggling with the shades of night when a young peasant lad passed through the north-eastern gate of Magdeburg, and was there challenged by a sentinel. He was walking beside his little cart, which had a canvas cover and was drawn by a stout donkey. The youth, who was clothed in the usual peasant's dress of coarse cloth, made no answer to the sentinel, and the latter was about to give him a lesson in military etiquette with his leveled gun, when a tall man, wrapped in a long cloak,

approached him and threw back the cloak a little, so as to show the Swedish uniform of blue and yellow; the sentinel also caught a glimpse of some rich gold embroidery, and immediately lowering his weapon, stood respectfully before the officer.

“Do you know me?” inquired the latter.

“At your service, Herr Commandant von Falkenberg!”

“Well, now open the gate and let this young man pass out.”

The soldier obeyed, and Carl—our readers will already have recognized him in his peasant’s dress—drove his donkey out of the gate. Falkenberg accompanied him; it was soon evident that this was necessary, for the country lad, with his wagon, was challenged at several other points, and only allowed to pass on at the express command of his guide. At length they reached the last outposts of the fortress, the last challenge was

given and answered, and here Falkenberg took leave of his spy.

"The Almighty protect you, my boy!" he said, earnestly, and with a cordial pressure of the youth's hand. "I trust you in full faith to his care. He can deliver you from the greatest of dangers. Only do not be too daring; never forget to be prudent."

"I will do my best to obey your directions, sir," answered Carl. "I am not afraid; still I will be cautious, so that I may return to you in safety. I well know that my going will be useless unless I do. Farewell, then, sir! I beg you, greet my dear adopted father and mother for me, and my little sister Elizabeth. Now forward, my little gray; we have a long road before us to-day!"

One last parting salute, and the little wagon rolled briskly away along the high-road. Carl was once more alone, far from all whom he loved, dependent upon his own discretion

and watchfulness. Yet he felt neither lonely, despondent nor forsaken. He knew that his benefactors were thinking of him and praying for him, and his heart was full of a just and noble pride that he had been counted worthy to be entrusted with so important a mission.

So he went cheerfully on his way, and several days passed before anything particular happened to him. He stopped at night in little villages along the road, and if any one wondered that such a youth should be wandering alone through the country, he recounted his little history, which was readily credited, as such misfortunes were not unusual in those times of war and bloodshed. All sympathized with him, and lodged him as cheaply as they could afford. Day after day he went on, still in the direction of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, near which place he knew he must fall in with Tilly's army.

Indeed, the farther he went the more ac-

curate information he received as to the position of the field-marshal's camp; and one evening, just at dusk, on entering a little town where he proposed to remain all night, he met, in the public-room of the inn, a number of soldiers of the imperial army, whose uniform showed them to belong to Pappenheim's cuirassiers. They were seated around a great oaken table, eating and drinking, and making themselves exceedingly merry and very much at home. An officer of the guards, with a large beard and a brown visage, all seamed and scarred, was leading the conversation, and relating to his younger companions some experiences of his early campaigns in Bohemia, where he had undergone much hardship and seen many a bloody contest and thrilling adventure.

Carl did not hesitate to enter the room. On the contrary, he went fearlessly in and sat down near the table at which the soldiers

were regaling themselves. No one observed him except the veteran, whose sharp eye, glancing around, fell upon the new-comer, and rested with penetrating gaze on his face. He broke off his story and beckoned to Carl to come nearer. The latter instantly obeyed, knowing well that a calm, fearless demeanor would be his best protection.

“Whom have we here?” said the old officer, in a gruff though not exactly unfriendly tone, after examining Carl from head to foot—a scrutiny which the brave lad endured without the slightest sign of confusion. “Where are you going, boy?”

Carl told his little story, describing the destruction of his home, and finished by saying quite frankly that he desired to join himself to the imperial army as sutler. The old captain appeared satisfied by the account given in so simple and straightforward a manner; at least, he relaxed the severity of

his weather-beaten countenance, and slapped Carl on the shoulder in a very friendly manner.

“Yes, just so! The Fury of War does not stroke one with velvet paws!” he said, almost compassionately. “Fire and Sword are her wild companions; Misery and Poverty her followers! Drink, boys, and forget what we cannot alter! You are a wise lad to come to the army, for in such an iron age the soldier’s life is the only happy one. When you are older and stronger you can swear allegiance to the flag; then Fortune will favor you; perhaps she will be gracious enough to make you an officer. Better be the hammer than the anvil! The soldier is the hammer now, and good, stout blows are the share of the townsman and the peasant; they have to be the anvil! Drink, my son!”

“To your health, your worship the captain!” said Carl, touching the offered mug to

his lips. Then he bowed in acknowledgment and quietly withdrew to another part of the room, where no one paid any further attention to him.

In spite of the trial so successfully undergone, his heart beat somewhat faster than usual, for he was well aware what would be his fate if the least suspicion should be aroused. Yet he had no idea of leaving the room, for he justly thought that he might glean useful information from the soldiers' conversation. He therefore sat quiet in his corner, listening to every word that was uttered at the table.

His expectations were but partially gratified; he learned nothing more than that Tilly really intended to besiege Magdeburg with all the forces he could muster, and as early as possible, in order to bring the siege to a speedy termination.

"There will be plenty of booty," remarked

the old captain. "That nest of heretics is the richest town in Germany, and our grim old corporal, Tilly, has vowed not to leave one stone of it upon another."

"Yes, after we take it," said another. "It is a strong place, and many a man may break his skull against its stone walls before we get into it. Who knows whether we may not have to march away from it again without accomplishing anything, as we did six weeks ago?"

"Oho! that shows how little you know of Tilly, comrade!" replied the captain, stroking his long gray beard. "What he has sworn he performs! Magdeburg must be ours, if the devil himself defend it against us. The man who has conquered in a hundred battles is not to be frightened by a few miserable walls and ditches. In fourteen days, at the latest, we will be there; then the city will be surrounded on all sides, batteries planted,

breaches made in the walls, and at last—hurrah!—everything stormed, everything overthrown that stands in our way! then fire in the houses, death, sword, pillage! In all my life I have never had such a day as I look for then; no, never since I first drew a sword! Hurrah, I say! the place is as good as our own, for Tilly wills it, and what he wills must come to pass!”

“Hurrah!” echoed all around the table, glasses rang, and a scene of wild confusion ensued, during which scarcely any connected words were uttered. The wine heightened the excitement of these not very steady heads, and Carl judged best to slip out and establish himself for the night upon some bundles of hay in the stable, where he had placed his cart and donkey upon his arrival at the inn. Even here he still heard the boisterous carousal of the drunken soldiers, and it was long before he slept. Resting his head upon his

arm, he lay with open eyes, deliberating what he should do next. Thus much he knew with certainty, that Magdeburg was indeed the point at which Tilly aimed, but with what forces he expected to reduce the city Carl had not been able to learn from the confused talk of the cuirassiers. He therefore decided to wait a few days longer, to go about among the army and try to learn something more definite. One thing he had ascertained, that Tilly's headquarters were only about three miles from the village where he was, in the little town of Genthin, and thither, at any hazard, he determined to go on the next day.

Toward midnight the noise of the cuirassiers gradually died away, and at last all was silent. Carl fell asleep and did not awake until broad daylight. He was then aroused by the trampling of horses and the clang of weapons, and upon rising and looking cautiously through a hole in the stable door, he

saw that the cuirassiers who had made merry the night before had just mounted their horses to leave. No one thought of the young sutler, or inquired for him. The soldiers put spurs to their horses and galloped away in the fresh morning air, following the old captain in close ranks.

"It is well they are gone," said Carl to himself. "If they had caught sight of me, I might not have got off as easily as I did yesterday evening."

He gave his donkey water and fodder, cleaned and curried him, and made preparations for starting. He then came out of the stable and bade good-morning to the host, who was standing at his door watching the retiring party with a troubled look.

"Have they left not to return?" asked Carl.

"I hope so, indeed!" replied the landlord. "Soldiers are a wild sort of gentry; I am

only too glad that they have contented themselves with emptying my cellar and my pantry, without burning the house over my head. Are you leaving too, my lad?"

"Yes, sir; it is getting late, and I want, if possible, to be at Genthin before noon."

"At Genthin? At the headquarters of the iron Tilly?" exclaimed the landlord, in alarm.

"Well, why not?" said Carl, laughing. "A sutler must be with the army."

"Yes, that's true," answered the host. "So you belong to them?"

"To whom else, sir? Would I be here if I belonged to any others? Now, how much do I owe you?"

"Bah! say nothing of that! If I were to make you pay to-day, it might come into your head to do the same by me some other time. No, no, we will charge it to those others! After all, you have not used anything worth speaking of."

Carl smiled at the landlord's fear; it was quite evident that, supposing him to be really a sutler of the imperial army, he would not charge Carl anything, lest he might come back some day and take vengeance on him. He was careful not to press the landlord to accept his money, not wishing to excite his suspicions, but contented himself with a cordial "Thank you, sir!" as he drove off.

The nearer he came to the headquarters of the army, the more of military life and activity he found on the high-road. Here and there he met troops of cavalry and infantry, also some bodies of heavy artillery; indeed, he was often obliged to stop and let the soldiers pass him. But no one gave him any trouble; he was not even stopped or questioned, and this circumstance strengthened his confidence that he could slip unobserved into the town. He approached the gate very courageously, and was about passing a sen-

tinel who was stationed there, when suddenly he heard a loud cry of "Halt!" and felt the grasp of a powerful hand upon his collar.

"Halt, young man!" cried the sentinel—a rough soldier. "How dare you pass here without permission?"

"I did not know that permission is necessary," replied Carl, quickly overcoming his first alarm and recovering his self-possession. "Let me go, comrade! You see I am only a sutler."

"Any one can say that!" growled the soldier. "To what regiment do you belong?"

Carl was terribly confused. What regiment should he name? He did not know what soldiers garrisoned the town, and if he should name a regiment belonging to any other garrison, he was lost. Just at that instant, as the sentinel observed him with a sharp, suspicious look, he remembered his encounter of the previous evening, and said boldly:

"I belong to Pappenheim's cuirassiers."

"You lie, rascal!" thundered the soldier.

"The Pappenheimers are not quartered here!"

"But they will soon come," answered Carl.

"A captain of the guards, with twenty men, must have arrived here about an hour ago. I could not follow them very fast."

"Ah, so ; yes, I understand!" said the sentinel, letting go Carl's jacket-collar. "Why did you not tell me at once?"

"Did you give me any chance, comrade?" said Carl, as if a little offended. "You stormed at me the moment you saw me, as if I were a spy or some such curiosity!"

"Well, now, don't be vexed!" said the soldier, in a conciliating tone. "I must do my duty, and I had no orders to let you pass without knowing who you are. Go in, and another time take better care what you are about."

Carl was glad to get out of the difficulty so

easily, and quickly drove his donkey into the town. Once within the gates, he was at liberty to seek the general's headquarters. He mingled freely among the soldiers, who thronged the streets bearing all descriptions of weapons, and inquired of the first he met for the headquarters of the general field-marshal.

"What do you want there, my little fellow?" said the soldier whom he questioned, with surprise.

"The Pappenheimers, who came here about an hour ago," said Carl. "I expect to meet the captain near the headquarters."

"Go a little farther along this street, then, until you come to a three-story house. There are two sentinels standing before it and a great many officers about. You cannot miss it."

"Thank you!" said Carl, and drove on. A few hundred paces farther he reached the

designated house, and looked about for a corner in which he could tie his donkey. He soon found one. In a side street he saw an inn. Thither he led his donkey, tied him in the stable, and then returned to the neighborhood of Tilly's headquarters. Here, in the street, several groups of officers were standing around, conversing quite freely, and Carl ventured near enough to overhear them. Near by the door, before which stood the two sentinels, were four or five officers who engaged his most particular attention. Their crests, their rich collars and their handsome weapons indicated that they were of the highest ranks in the army. Carl's daring enabled him to come near enough to them to hear almost every word they exchanged.

"You know certainly, then, Count Pappenheim, that we are to march upon Magdeburg?" asked one of the gentlemen—a personage of gigantic figure, in heavy armor,

having in every respect the bearing of a true cavalier.

"I know it from Tilly's own declaration, Count Gallas," replied the distinguished cavalry general, with impressive distinctness. "Magdeburg for Frankfort-on-the-Oder, which the Swedish king has filched from us. You will hear further from Tilly; it is not for a day's sport that he has invited us to ride with him."

"This is a bold undertaking," remarked another officer. "Magdeburg is strong."

"But we are stronger, count!" returned Pappenheim, with unshaken confidence. "The whole army is to move upon Magdeburg, in order that the blow shall be a decisive one. There can be no failure; must not, *will* not!"

"But Gustavus Adolphus?" said a third, thoughtfully.

"Unless he can prevail upon the electors of Brandenburg and Saxony to open their terri-

tories to him, Magdeburg is ours," replied Pappenheim as decidedly as before. "And what Tilly does, he does quickly. But there he comes, and we shall hear more from him."

Not a word of this conversation had escaped Carl's ears, and now he leaned forward, full of curiosity to see the distinguished commander, whose fame was at that time in its zenith and almost unrivaled in history. A spare person, of medium height, simply dressed, a broadsword at his side and a wide-brimmed hat with a red plume set upon his head, with its closely-cut hair; a stern countenance, whose features betrayed not an emotion of the soul within; a rather crooked nose, piercing gray eyes, and thin, bloodless lips, surrounded by a reddish beard and moustache, —such was the appearance of the man whose reputation as a general had spread all over the world.

Carl drew back; he was afraid in the pres-

ence of this face, so pitiless in its expression, so full of the power of an unconquerable will, and tried to avoid the field-marshal's penetrating look. But just at this instant a strong hand seized him, and on turning his head he saw, with indescribable terror, the martial countenance of the captain he had met on the previous evening, accompanied by the sentinel who had challenged him at the gate about half an hour before. Uttering a frightened exclamation, he tried to free himself, but the old captain held him with a vise-like grasp.

"Oho! you do not impose on me to-day as you did yesterday, you young rascal!" he thundered out in a voice which called the attention of all the bystanders to the group. Even the dreaded Tilly turned his head and looked sharply at the old captain and the young man writhing in his grasp.

"What is the matter?" he asked, sternly.

"By your leave, Herr General Field-Mar-



shal, a spy that has slipped into the town!" answered the captain of the guards. "We found him listening to the generals here, who were talking, and I caught hold of him without any parley!"

Tilly's terrible gaze rested but for a moment upon Carl's blanched countenance. Then, with freezing calmness, he carelessly said: "Hang him!" as he turned his back upon the boy, mounted his horse, and rode slowly, with his generals, toward the gate.

Carl gave himself up for lost. With a cry of despair, he fell to the ground.

The poor boy had indeed little reason to hope for deliverance from the ignominious death that threatened him. Without further ceremony, the old captain tied his hands and called upon two soldiers to take him in charge. Then he gave the word of command, and his little party marched toward the gate, where the gallows was erected upon a little

eminence. Pale and stupefied, Carl tottered along between the soldiers. He would have pleaded for mercy, but his utterance was choked, he could not speak; and moreover, the stern countenance of the old officer forbade any hope of moving him to pity. Besides, even if his compassion could have been excited, he was obliged to obey his general's command.

On the way to the gallows several other soldiers joined the party. Arrived at the fatal spot, Carl stood trembling, but yielding silently to the fate which appeared inevitable, and trying to collect his thoughts, so confused by the hurried events of this last hour, for one earnest prayer, in which he might commit his soul to the Saviour he had striven to serve, and on whom alone his dependence now lay. Suddenly a voice from among the men gathered around him was heard to exclaim:

“Mercy! have mercy! It is my poor

young master, Carl! Herr Captain, for pity's sake, let the poor boy go! I will answer for him, he is no spy! He has had enough to bear already!" And the soldier ran up the little hill, caught Carl in his arms, and embraced and kissed him like a brother.

"Oh, Master Carl, how came you here?" he cried. "Did you, then, escape on that bloody day? I was afraid that those heartless wretches had butchered you with all the others! I thank the Lord with all my soul that one, even one, of my dear master's family is alive!"

A ray of hope and joy stole into the heart of the unfortunate youth at this timely encounter. He clung eagerly to the soldier, and cried: "Save me, save me, Andreas! God has sent you to my aid! Ask him, Herr Captain, only ask him if I did not tell you the truth yesterday evening! I did not lie to you, indeed I did not! This is An-

dreas, the son of a peasant, from my home! Ask him, sir, and have pity on me!"

The captain looked, in astonishment, first at the youth, then at the soldier, who had placed himself protectingly in front of Carl, and stood caressing him gently.

"Don't be afraid, Carl," he was saying. "The captain is a kind man, who would not hurt any innocent person. What harm has the boy done, Herr Captain? Look at the poor young fellow; he cannot be very bad!"

"What a dilemma!" said the veteran, twisting his heavy gray moustache in the greatest perplexity. "Say now, Walloon, is this really so, that the boy is from your country?"

"Yes, most certainly it is true, Herr Captain!" the soldier earnestly replied. "It is indeed my young master, Carl. His parents, and all who lived in the village, were killed. I myself only escaped by volunteering to join the imperial army. This child has no

home, and it is little wonder that he is traveling about alone. What else could he do?"

"I am very sorry about it; sorry that I took the boy, and that just beside the field-marshal," said the captain. "I thought he was a spy, because he told the sentinel he belonged to us Pappenheimers. What did you do that for, boy?"

"Indeed, Herr Captain," replied Carl, "you treated me so kindly yesterday that I thought to put myself under your protection, and drive my little trade with your regiment. Instead of this, oh—"

"A miserably bad business!" growled the captain, very much annoyed. "I see I was too fast, but it can't be helped now; the general has commanded, and I must obey!"

"But, Herr Captain, this would be murder!" cried the honest Andreas. "You surely know the boy is innocent; do let him go! Such a child as this can do no harm!"

The captain seemed irresolute. Carl looked imploringly into his face.

"Yes, and then, if the general hears of it, I shall be hanged myself!" said the veteran, still wavering.

"Who is to tell him, Herr Captain?" urged Andreas. "What do you say, comrades?"

"No, no," cried several voices, "we will not! Let the boy go, Herr Captain, since he is innocent! — It would be a pity; perhaps he will make a good soldier one of these days!"

All present had gradually collected upon the little hill in a group around the old officer and his captive. The veteran, whose resolution still wavered, consulted with some of the soldiers. Andreas took advantage of his momentary inattention.

"Go, Carl, quickly!" he whispered to the boy. "No one will detain you or follow you.

My horse is there, at the foot of the hill; jump on him and ride off; I will soon get another. God protect you—run!”

Carl gave him one grateful look, pressed his hand, and slipped quickly through the circle of soldiers, none offering to stop him, or even appearing to notice him. He reached the foot of the hill in safety, found a saddled horse, his bridle thrown loosely around the trunk of a tree, mounted in all haste and galloped off.

“It can’t be helped!” the old captain was saying just at that instant. “He must be hanged; it is the general’s orders. Come, boy, we will make it as easy for you as we can. I am very sorry, but there is no help for it! Come, now, don’t make a fuss about it; you make it only the more disagreeable for us!”

He turned to find Carl, but of course did not see him.

"Eh! where is the fellow? where is he?" he exclaimed, in surprise. "You have let him slip, you men! You shall—"

"Why, he is really gone!" said Andreas, putting on a look of amazement.

"He must have slipped away while we were talking!" cried several of the soldiers at once.

"Yes, and very quietly indeed!" said Andreas. "Let it be so, Herr Captain; it is better than that an innocent lad should be hanged, and you cannot help seeing he is innocent!"

"Yes, I dare say he is; but it is a terribly bad business, for all that!" growled the old soldier, half vexed, yet evidently not altogether displeased at the boy's escape. "But if Tilly hears of it, I am a dead man! The old corporal is no joker!"

"And who will report it to him, Herr Captain?" said Andreas, again. "Certainly not

we who are here, for we should all be hanged too!"

"Just so, just so!" said the veteran, now quite relieved, and glad to be rid of the dilemma. "I see, you scamps! you have been playing a trick behind my back! If the old corporal does not hear of it, well; I shall be very glad the boy made his escape. Such a young fellow! Well, good luck to him! But you, you fellows! if one of you breathes a syllable of this story, then you shall all hang together, or I am no captain of the guards in the emperor's service!"

He looked around on the men, as he said this, with a very grim expression, and then marched gravely down the hill, twirling his gray moustache. The men followed him, laughing and chatting, but nothing more was said about Carl. All of them knew very well the grave necessity there was for silence as to his escape.

In the mean time, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God for his deliverance, Carl was riding off at full speed, until at last his horse, panting and sweating, and unable to gallop any farther, broke into a short trot. The poor animal's strength seemed exhausted, and Carl, after looking carefully in every direction and seeing no pursuer, rode toward a little grove, at no great distance, to give himself and the horse an hour's rest. To his surprise and satisfaction, he found in the copse a wood-cutter's cottage, from the chimney of which rose a light blue cloud of smoke. The cottage must, then, be inhabited, and Carl hoped to find food and drink there, as well as rest. Before the door of the cottage he alighted, tied his horse and went in. No one was there but a little old woman, who was standing before the fire stirring the contents of an earthen vessel with a wooden spoon.

"God's greeting to you, *liebe Frau!*" said Carl to her. "If you can spare me a plate of your soup, I will be very thankful!"

"And why not, my son?" returned the woman, kindly. "You will be very welcome to it. Come, sit down. The soup will soon be ready, for I expect my husband in a few minutes, and he always comes in hungry enough! Yes, wood cutting is no light work, especially for a man who is no longer young; but it gives a hearty appetite; I know that by my old man!"

"I believe it, mother!" said Carl. "I am very glad I happened in here just at the right time. I will look after my horse a little, now, and find him something to eat. The poor animal must be hungry and thirsty enough by this time."

"Well, now, it just happens right, young man," said the kind old woman. "Look into the little cupboard behind the door, and

you will find a bag of oats that a wagoner left here the other day by mistake. It will do no harm if you give your horse some."

"I think not!" said Carl, joyfully, going to the cupboard. "The horse will like them. I am sure he has earned a good supper."

The noble animal whinnied with pleasure at the sight of the golden oats, and ate them eagerly when Carl had loosened the curb and removed his bit. Then the boy brought a pail of water for him from a neighboring spring, and not until the horse was satisfied did Carl think of his own wants. He was very hungry, for it was almost night, and he had eaten nothing all day. Fortunately, he was not obliged to wait long, for at sunset came the old wood-cutter, and welcomed him as heartily as his wife had done.

The woman covered the table with a clean rush mat, and placed upon it a large bowl of soup, with stewed rabbit, to which both the

wood-cutter and his young guest did ample justice. After supper, Carl would have mounted his horse to ride farther, but the old couple would not allow it. The animal was secured in an empty wood-shed, and the kind little old woman prepared a comfortable bed of hay and moss for Carl, that he might rest all night in the cottage. Slumber soon closed his eyelids, but not until he had thanked his heavenly Father, who had delivered him that day from a shameful death in a manner so wonderful.





IV.

THE SIEGE.

"I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

CARL, having obtained all the information that Herr von Falkenberg desired, was eager to return to Magdeburg, to report to the commandant. He therefore mounted his horse at a very early hour on the following morning, thanked his kind entertainers and set out. He considered himself favored in having so good and strong a horse, for with his donkey he could have traveled but very slowly, while the horse performed the journey quickly and easily. Without any mishaps, and without meeting any more of the imperial

troops, he reached the fortress by the evening of the second day, and passed draw-bridges and gates unmolested by the sentinels. He stopped at the quarters of Falkenberg, and gave his horse into the charge of a boy who was loitering near the door, telling him to take it to the house of Herr Sparnagel, on the Broad Way. He then ascended the steps of the commandant, and was met by that gentleman in his antechamber with a most cordial greeting.

“Thanks be to God, my dear boy, that you have returned safe and well!” he said, pressing Carl’s hand. “I have been very anxious about you, your errand was one of so great danger. What intelligence have you to give me? *Certain* news, I do not doubt, if not *good*. I feared as much! But come into my private room; we can talk there without danger of being overheard.”

He led Carl into his cabinet, made him sit

down, closed the door, and then asked him to proceed with his story. During its recital he walked up and down the room with long strides, without interrupting the boy by a single syllable. But the wrinkles of thought upon his forehead grew deeper and more stern as Carl continued, and his features assumed an expression of the greatest anxiety.

"It is even as I had supposed," he said, at last. "Tilly's movements are rapid, and he will be before our gates sooner than we can imagine. We have not been idle during your absence. We have done all that is possible to strengthen the garrison, but, unfortunately, without much result. Our forces scarcely amount to three thousand, and with so few it is impossible to defend all the out-works. We must concentrate our forces in the central fortress, and I fear we shall not be able to hold out very long, even there, against their superior numbers. I rely a great deal

upon the able-bodied citizens. Magdeburg is by no means deficient in courageous men, and when, as now, life, home and family are at stake, I know they will gladly share every danger and hardship with the soldiers. Our situation is very critical, and calls for the most decided measures. We shall be obliged to cut down the bridge over the Elbe and burn the suburbs !”

“But that is terrible, sir !” exclaimed Carl, shuddering. “Hundreds will be brought to distress and poverty !”

“The less must be sacrificed to save the greater !” returned Falkenberg, sadly, but with unshaken firmness. “The poor people who lose their home in the suburbs must be lodged among the citizens within the fortress. It is all that can be done to save their lives ; the enemy will be less merciful to them than we. But time presses ; leave me now, my boy. Go to Herr Sparnagel, and think over

the reward that I shall give you. I must now call a council of war, and— Well, its results will soon enough be known, and cause terrible grief and amazement. Good-night, my dear Carl; as I have said, think what reward you will ask of me. You have well deserved one.”

“I know already what I would ask!” answered Carl, quickly.

“What is it?”

“Let me fight at your side, sir—if, indeed, we *must* fight! I will not be afraid, and I will always try to do my duty.”

“Let it be so!” said Falkenberg, after a few moments’ reflection. “You are very young, it is true, but you have a brave heart, and we have need of every arm to ward off the fearful blow that Tilly meditates. But now go. Herr Sparnagel must be impatiently waiting for you. To-morrow we shall meet again!”

Carl was soon in the arms of his adopted parents, who received him joyfully and thankfully. The only drawback to their pleasure—a sad one, indeed—was the news that Carl brought, which filled them with anxiety for the fate of their home.

“Well, the Lord’s will be done!” said Herr Sparnagel. “All my preparations are made. My valuables are hidden in the cellar, well enough concealed, I think, to save them from the grasp of Croats and Pandours, even if matters come to the worst. But I cannot give up the hope that we may escape the worst. Gustavus Adolphus is not far from us, and we will try to quit ourselves like men, and be strong. We must have courage; nothing is yet lost, and all may be saved. Falkenberg is an experienced soldier. I hope much from his knowledge, his prudence and decision.”

The commandant was not, indeed, deficient

in any of these necessary qualities, and he did all he could to prevent the fall of Magdeburg. This cost sacrifices, but they were promptly made. On the day after Carl's return, the residents of the Neustadt and Sudendorf suburbs received notice to remove all of their property that they could into the citadel, because the houses must be burned down. It was a severe measure, but the general good, and the safety of the citizens of the suburbs themselves, demanded it. The unfortunate people therefore obeyed, though with bitter tears. All that could be saved was conveyed into the fortress, and the citizens of Magdeburg hastened to offer to their unfortunate neighbors free lodgings in their own houses. All those who did not prefer to seek greater safety by flight were entertained as comfortably as possible, and showed themselves anxious to share the good or evil fortunes of their fellow-townsmen. Firebrands

were thrown into the doors of the deserted dwellings, and after a few hours they were reduced to ruins. Many sad eyes gazed upon the devouring flames; many tears fell; but many an eye also shone with determination to defend to the last what still remained to them, in the hope of one day enjoying their homes again, rebuilt and restored to their former comfort.

Falkenberg took immediate advantage of the good disposition that prevailed among the Magdeburgers. He distributed weapons among them, which they soon learned to use as skillfully as the soldiers themselves, with whom they daily shared guard, drill and other military duty. Herr Sparnagel, of course, was among these brave defenders of the threatened city. Falkenberg had entrusted to his command a company of the best citizens—men whose moral courage could be depended upon—with whom he exercised in

the use of arms, early and late, in order to be fully prepared for service in time of need.

Carl was now scarcely ever at home during the day, seldom even at night, for his duty called him to Falkenberg at an early hour in the morning. The commandant employed the youth as his adjutant, and soon learned to place the greatest confidence in his skill, activity and discretion. Now on horseback, now on foot, Carl hurried, never weary, through the streets, or among the posts surrounding the city; here performing a commission, there bearing a command, or receiving information for the general. After a few days the boy became known everywhere; on the walls, at the out-works, and wherever else he was seen, the old, bearded soldiers nodded kindly to him, or exchanged friendly words with him. His pleasant face, his eye, at once fearless and gentle in its expression, his modest but resolute bearing, won him the re-

gard of all, and Herr Sparnagel had indeed reason to be proud of his adopted child, who, in serving the commandant so faithfully, was making himself very useful to the city.

When Carl had no particular commission from Falkenberg to execute, he liked to ride his swift, strong horse outside of the city walls, in order to gather whatever intelligence might be useful to his general. From one such little excursion he returned at a galloping pace to the fortress, to make an important announcement.

"What is the matter?" inquired Falkenberg, as the boy appeared before him covered with dust, heated and almost breathless with excitement.

"The enemy has come!" replied Carl. "Pappenheim is near Schönebeck, across the Elbe, and the terrible Tilly is approaching the city on the other side! We will be surrounded in a few hours!"

“Well, then, we are prepared for the enemy, and if he attempts to storm us we will drive him back,” was Falkenberg’s calm reply. “Now is the time! May God be with us, and not suffer us to fall into the hands of our foes! But you are pale, Carl, and bleeding, too! What has happened to you?”

“Oh, nothing, sir, only the ball from a Walloon’s gun, that grazed me,” answered Carl. “I wanted to observe the movements of the troops across the Elbe more closely, and ventured a little too far. All at once I found myself nearly surrounded by a small party of Walloons, and had just time to turn my horse and put spurs to him. The good creature flew like a bird, but the Walloons shot after me, and a ball grazed my left shoulder. It is nothing; it will be quite healed by morning. I feel now neither weariness nor pain. Give me your commands, sir; nothing will do me so much good as to

be of service to you. I am as fresh as if I had done nothing to-day."

Falkenberg ascertained that the wound was really a trifling one, and that the boy's paleness was caused only by his excitement, and laying his hand kindly upon the boy's shoulder, said: "You are a brave fellow! I like your courage, but don't be rash; remember I need you in this trying time. And now, since you are quite strong, go quickly to the out-works, which are still manned. Give my orders that the troops make only a weak defence, for we do not intend to hold the out-works; the lives of my soldiers are too precious. After the first attack, the garrisons are to fall back into the fortress. I wish only to try whether Tilly is in earnest. Make haste, my son! I will go to the ramparts and give the necessary orders myself, and there you will find me."

Carl hurried off, and galloped to the out-

works to deliver the general's command. All possibility of a surprise being thus prevented, he went to the ramparts, where he found the commandant, surrounded by a number of other officers, trying to observe the movements of the approaching enemy. Very little could be seen, for the night of that thirtieth of March came on suddenly and shrouded the whole broad plain in thick darkness.

"They will scarcely undertake anything further to-night," said Falkenberg, "for it is already dark, and their troops must be fatigued. We must be watchful, however, and neglect no precaution. Gentlemen, you will see that the sentinels are on the alert. I will go the rounds myself several times in the course of the night. We dare not forget for an instant that we have a fearful opponent before us."

The news that the enemy had come had

quickly spread through the city, and a countless number of people crowded to the ramparts, to see, if possible, the approaching army. But few showed any signs of anxiety or consternation. Far the greater number displayed a cheerful courage and a firm confidence that were most gratifying to the commandant. Many expressions reached his ear which not only gave him great pleasure, but also served to support his own courage.

While Falkenberg was engaged in conversation with a group of the citizens, one of them suddenly exclaimed:

“Look, look! They are burning down the villages!”

In several directions at once, indeed, the red flames shot up and covered the heavens with a fiery glow. The crowd watched the terrific scene in silence and with saddened countenances.

“And we shall fare no better than those farmers! we shall have red hens set upon our roofs too!” said a smith, after a little while, with grim humor, but in a deep, earnest voice. “Well, then, we can but defend ourselves with all our might say I!”

“And I too!” rejoined Falkenberg, impressively. “There is no hope of leniency from our enemy, good people. We can but hold out to the last man; yes, to the last breath of life!”

“We must; we *will*!” cried many voices; and every heart beat higher with courageous resolution, since all had seen, in the fate of the burning villages, what awaited their own homes.

The remainder of the night passed quietly. But on the next morning, soon after daybreak, the first discharge of the cannons from without announced that the siege was really begun. Falkenberg, attended by Carl, hast-

ened to the scene of the conflict. The out-works of the fortress were bombarded, and the large force brought to bear upon them made it evident that it would be quite impossible to hold them; nor was it important to do so. Falkenberg therefore sent orders that the garrison stationed there should immediately withdraw into the fortress. The retreat was made in the best possible order; artillery, caissons, baggage, everything was brought safely in. When the enemy stormed the works, they found them empty, save a number of dead bodies—the soldiers who had fallen victims to the first heavy fire. There had not been time to bury them, and these were the first sad and bloody trophies that fell to Tilly's share in the siege of Magdeburg.

Some hours later the city was entirely surrounded, and soon the hastily-erected batteries of the imperial army poured a hail of balls

against the ramparts. Their fire was returned with resolution, and the messengers of death flew backward and forward, while the thunder of the cannon was incessant and deafening. The brave citizens indeed showed their determination not to let their homes and their lives be sacrificed to their enemies without making a vigorous resistance.

Falkenberg had taken care to supply the city with large quantities of provisions, that, if necessary, they might be able to endure a long siege without danger of starvation. His regulations were in all points faithfully obeyed, and in spite of the constant bombardment from the batteries that surrounded the city, its ramparts suffered very little, so that whatever damage was done by day was easily repaired at night. Hot shot was poured in, in order, if possible, to set the houses on fire; but this, too, the commandant had foreseen, and made arrangements so excellent that not

a single serious conflagration from this cause took place during the siege.

Everywhere, Falkenberg was the life of the defence. Wherever he was needed there he was found; wherever danger threatened thither he hastened; it seemed almost as though he were endowed with the power of being in every place at once. His example encouraged the rest and incited them to like zeal.

“What!” said the honest citizens to one another. “He is a foreigner, and yet he labors day and night for our defence! What a shame it would be for us if we should do less for ourselves!”

Not all, however, shared these feelings. Many of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens shared neither the perils nor the exertions of their fellow-townsmen, but sat at home in indolence and safety, while the latter labored and exposed their lives on the ram-

parts, or worked at night to repair the injuries sustained through the day. Of course, the poorer men at last murmured at being obliged to bear such burdens, and again it was Falkenberg who quieted their complaints and appeased their ill-humor.

“Look at Herr Sparnagel, and others like him,” said the commandant. “Do they endure any less than the poorest among you? And as for the others, their cowardice deserves your contempt, not your anger!”

“It is true,” the men afterward said among themselves; “there are rich men who do not neglect their duty, and for their sake we must forget the unworthiness of the rest. Let us work and watch and fight! The day will come when the enemy *must* retreat from before our walls!”

This expectation animated the courage of all the brave, devoted band; the more, because it was, indeed, founded on probability.

Gustavus Adolphus was approaching—was already so near that a march of a few days would bring him to the deliverance of the fortress. Tilly was well aware of this, however, and was making desperate efforts to reduce Magdeburg before the arrival of the Swedish king. His batteries kept up an incessant fire; at last he succeeded so far as to weaken one of the largest towers to such an extent that it threatened to fall. If, now, he could make it fall into the moat, so as to fill it up with its ruins, a breach would be opened by which a storming-party would be enabled to enter the city, almost certain of success. Tilly therefore brought additional artillery to bear upon the tower. The besieged watched with growing anxiety the effects of the balls; the tower rocked at every instant more perceptibly upon its foundation. Quicker and faster beat each anxious heart. Falkenberg himself hastened to the spot, and sent message

after message to summon his best troops around him, in order to defend the breach.

All stood in fearful, breathless expectation. Suddenly the tower shook, then swayed several times, first on one side, then on the other, and finally, instead of falling into the ditch, as the besiegers had calculated it would do, rested sidewise against the powerful rampart of the fortress. Such a shout of joy was raised within the city as drowned the thunder of the cannon.

"The hand of God was in that!" said Falkenberg to Carl, with a long sigh of relief.

Tilly and his generals, who had been watching the operations of their heavy batteries from the other side of the moat, now retired, full of wrath, from the scene of their discomfiture.

On the next day a herald from the enemy's camp made his appearance, asked admittance to the fortress, and, at his own request, was

led before the assembled magistracy, Falkenberg having a seat in that body as commandant. The envoy presented a demand from Tilly for the surrender of the city, under reasonable conditions.

“Go!” replied Falkenberg. “Go and tell your master that we would rather die than surrender!”

The herald was obliged to retire with this unsatisfactory message, and the people of Magdeburg took fresh courage, justly considering this summons to capitulate as an indication of Tilly’s weakness.

“We must show those gentlemen out there that our resolution is stronger than they think,” said Falkenberg, after the departure of the messenger. They must be taught that they cannot make us waver for a single instant—that ‘a mighty fortress IS OUR GOD, a trusty shield and weapon.’”

He gave Carl some private directions, and

in the course of an hour a council of war had assembled at his headquarters.

"Tilly has summoned us to surrender," said Falkenberg to the officers. "He doubtless supposes that he has intimidated us; let us show him that he is mistaken. An energetic, well-conducted sally at night will be sufficiently convincing."

All the officers assented, and the council soon broke up. That night, as the hour of midnight approached, battalion after battalion marched through the silent streets of Magdeburg to the different sally-ports, where they received the commandant's final orders.

"Silently and steadily forward!" were Falkenberg's directions. "Not a shot until the word of command is given. Then storm the batteries, drive off the gunners, spike the guns and fire the tents. During the confusion that follows it will be easy for us to make our escape back to the fortress. Now

forward, my friends; and may the God of battles accompany us!"

The gates were quietly opened; and, divided into three columns, the troops went out in the darkness. Falkenberg led the centre, and Carl rode at his side.

"The night is very dark; we *must* succeed!" whispered the youth to the commandant.

"I hope so!" replied the latter, in the same guarded tone. "But silence! we are near the trenches!"

The soldiers marched cautiously, making the least possible noise, for every one knew that the success of the undertaking depended entirely upon their surprising the enemy. Those batteries, by day so noisy, now wrapped in silence, lay so close before them that they could have touched the mouths of the cannon with their outstretched hands. Not a voice was heard; the camp was still as death.

“They are entirely unprepared for us,” said Falkenberg, softly, to Carl, as his troops halted before a battery, and, with the other two columns, breathlessly awaited the word of command. “*It is time!*” “FIRE!” he cried, in a voice of thunder, which was echoed from one column to another. “Storm the batteries! FORWARD!”

All three divisions rushed forward at once. In an instant they had reached the batteries: and then ensued one of those terrible, confused scenes of war. Shots were fired, sabres clashed; the gunners were overpowered, after a very short resistance, and the guns were spiked. Then the three bodies, quickly united in one, pressed forward to the camp. Meanwhile, the sleeping soldiers had been alarmed by the firing, but in the darkness, only half clothed and half armed, without order or discipline, they ran backward and forward, pell-mell, adding to the general con-

fusion and alarm by their wild outcry and aimless firing.

"Fire the tents!" now cried Falkenberg.

Burning brands were soon ready, and the flames leaped up in twenty or thirty places at the same instant. By their light the Magdeburg troops pressed on farther and farther into the camp, carrying confusion wherever they went. At last they found themselves almost in the middle of the camp, while the flames, fanned by a fresh breeze, spread ever farther and farther. But, in the mean time, Tilly and his generals had rallied their most reliable troops, and now they presented a solid front to the partially-scattered column of Falkenberg. It was high time to return to the fortress, for between it and the camp the trampling of horses' hoofs was now distinctly heard, and Falkenberg knew that if he lingered his retreat would be speedily cut off. He promptly called his forces together, and

before the opposing infantry could do anything to check his progress, he had gained the open field, and, with a general discharge of musketry, scattered the cavalry regiment that was trying to make a stand against him. Proceeding at a rapid march, the Magdeburgers regained the sally-ports without further opposition, and soon found themselves once more within the protecting walls.

Falkenberg was among the last to enter, and as he did so, he discovered, with consternation, that Carl was no longer beside him.

"Where is he? Where is Carl?" he cried. "Is he in the fortress?"

"No, sir!" answered a clear voice behind him. "Here I am! I am only a little behind-hand. I wanted to bring in a prisoner!"

"How presumptuous!" said Falkenberg, reproachfully. "You might have been captured yourself, or perhaps killed, for the

enemy is just at our heels. Come in quickly! There is not an instant to lose!"

And indeed, the gates were scarcely closed before a volley of musketry was fired from the direction of the enemy's camp, and countless balls rattled against the ramparts. The fire was vigorously returned, and the imperial troops quickly retired. The sally had proved fully successful.

Not until they were again marching through the streets—now brilliantly lighted—did Falkenberg perceive that Carl was leading a strange horse by the bridle, and at the same time supporting a soldier of the imperial army, who, half unconscious, swung to and fro in the saddle, apparently unable to control his motions. His warlike, bearded face was streaming with blood from a wound in the temple.

"Whom have you there?" demanded Falkenberg.

"My prisoner, sir," replied Carl, exultingly, "and an old acquaintance, too. It is the Pappenheimer captain who came within an ace of hanging me at Genthin. I saw him by the light of the burning tents, and instantly recognized him. He was wounded, had been separated from his comrades, and could scarcely keep his seat in his saddle. So I went to him, seized his horse's bridle, held him up, and brought him here. That is the whole story, and it was the reason why I was so tardy in entering."

"It was, indeed, high time for you to come in, foolish boy," answered Falkenberg. "But what is to be done with the man? It would have been better to have left him outside."

"Then he would most likely have been trampled to death by the horses!" exclaimed Carl. "I could not bear to think of that, for he was not unkind to me; indeed, I believe he purposely gave me a chance to escape. I

will take him to Herr Sparnagel's. My kind mother, I have no doubt, will let him stay there, and will bind up his wound, too."

Falkenberg shrugged his shoulders. "You are a singular boy," he remarked. "But since you have brought him in, we cannot, certainly, leave him here in the streets. Take him to Frau Sparnagel."

Carl understood the hint and slipped away. He soon reached Herr Sparnagel's house, and had not much difficulty in finding room there for the poor, half-stunned prisoner. His adopted parents, full of that charity which, though it hath "suffered long," still "is kind," would at any time have been ready to minister even to the wants of an enemy; how much more now, when their hearts were full of joy and thankfulness for the success of their defenders! The captive was laid upon a comfortable bed, and upon examination his wound was found not to be dangerous, al-

though it had quite stupefied him. It was washed and bound up, and then he was left to the quiet slumber that very soon closed his eyelids.

On the next morning, when Carl visited him, he had entirely recovered his consciousness and was already dressed.

"Why, boy!" he exclaimed, looking into Carl's face with great astonishment, "who are you? Are you not that young sutler that Tilly ordered me to hang?"

"You have a good memory, captain!" replied Carl, smiling. "Things are somewhat changed since then. I was your prisoner, now you are mine!"

"How? What do you mean?" said the captain, surprised, for he could not remember the events of the preceding night.

Carl explained the matter in a few words; the old soldier looked at him very complacently.

"Well, you *are* a clever little fellow, not to forget an old acquaintance. Why, I might have been a dead man if you had not taken care of me. In the dark, and not knowing what I was doing—and my horse is so wild—what might have been my fate! But, by the way, my lad, then you *must* have been a spy when I caught you. If I had known that!"

"If you had known it, you would have been in the Elbe now, food for the fishes!" replied Carl, again smiling.

"True, very true!" assented the soldier. "Well, well, I suppose it was all for the best!"

"After all, I did not want to be any more of a spy than just to find out whether your army really had designs on Magdeburg," said Carl. "That was my duty, and I was obliged to fulfill it."

"Duty or no duty," growled the veteran,

"it was a daring attempt, at all events, and if—but what is the use of talking about it? You got off at a lucky moment, and I fell into your hands at an *unlucky* one; so turns the tide of war!"

"Well, don't be vexed about it, Herr Captain," said Carl. "You will be my prisoner only until this siege is over and your cruel Tilly has withdrawn. Then you will be free to go wherever you please. I have not forgotten your kindness to me, for I know very well that you let me escape intentionally."

"Well, I acknowledge I did, but there was no merit in that; I was sorry for you, poor young fellow!" replied the soldier, candidly. "Well, then, one good turn for another. You owe me nothing now; and if you give me my freedom, as you promise, I shall be indebted to you."

"Let it all pass, captain!" said Carl, in a friendly manner. "For all your stern face, I

know you are kind-hearted, and we must all help one another!"

"Right, right, my boy!" exclaimed the old man, quite affected by the boy's gentle kindness. "From this time we shall be good friends, no matter on which side we stand."

A cordial pressure of the hand sealed the compact. Before many days the old soldier felt quite at home in the Sparnagel family. The little Elizabeth became his particular favorite, and listened with wondering attention to his stories.

In the mean time the siege was continued, without any great advantage gained by the besiegers. The garrison of the fortress held out bravely, but it was already full time that help should come from without, for in the beginning of May the supply of powder was exhausted, and the guns on the ramparts one after another ceased to respond to the enemy's fire. There was neither time nor material to

make more powder. Still, strong in their conviction of the justice of their cause, and firmly trusting in God, they looked day by day for the coming of Gustavus Adolphus. And as strongly as the besieged hoped for this, so greatly did the besiegers dread it.

On the ninth of May the enemy's cannon were unexpectedly silent; many of the guns were removed. The camp was quiet, but in the city people breathed more freely. None doubted that Gustavus Adolphus had come, and that Tilly was about raising the siege. Every heart rejoiced. People embraced one another in the streets, and the glad news passed from mouth to mouth. For the first time in many long days did the weary, care-worn defenders of the fortress indulge in refreshing sleep. As night came on, the greater part of them left the ramparts—hitherto so vigilantly guarded—to seek repose for their worn-out limbs. But it was a dearly-bought

sleep, destined to be followed by a terrible awakening. The siege was indeed at an end, but Tilly was still hovering before the city, like a threatening storm-cloud, and none suspected what fearful thunderbolts that cloud concealed in its dark folds.

11





V.

THE STORMING OF MAGDEBURG.

“In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion ; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me.”

ALL slumbered in the city while destruction waited outside its walls. Tilly had indeed relinquished the hope of reducing the city by the means he had hitherto employed, and he feared that Gustavus Adolphus might surprise him. He therefore concluded to raise the siege, but at the same time to storm the city. His council of war agreed with him, and it was decided to make the attempt at daybreak, in four places at once. All was prepared during the night ; the soldiers stood under arms, the leaders were at their posts,

and every one awaited the signal to open a cannonade at the same moment on all the designated points.

A gray, foggy morning slowly dispersed the shades of night. In the city, upon the ramparts, everywhere, silence reigned. The soldiers were asleep, the citizens had withdrawn to their houses. At this hour a boy walked alone through the deserted streets and approached the ramparts of the Neustadt fortifications. It was Carl, already dressed and armed. An indefinable uneasiness would not permit him to sleep, and drove him out to the walls. No sentinel challenged him. Each one, wrapped in his cloak, lay sleeping on the bare ground at his post. Carl listened, for it was as yet too dark to distinguish anything on the plain without the city. No suspicious murmur met his ear; all was as still outside the walls as within. He went from one post to another; everywhere the soldiers slept.

He felt an almost irresistible impulse to awaken every one, but compassion prevented his yielding to it; it was so long since they had enjoyed an hour's uninterrupted sleep.

"Let them sleep; I will watch!" he murmured, taking his position upon a gun-carriage, in order to observe what might take place outside.

The night gradually gave place to dawn; the few large stars that glimmered through the mist one by one slowly disappeared; and Carl, who had as yet observed nothing calculated to justify his fears, began to think them idle, when suddenly, just at seven o'clock, the thunder of a cannon rolled heavily through the silent morning air. Carl sprang up and leaned over the parapet. It was not yet light enough to see plainly, but he heard the heavy tread of a large body of infantry on the march, the ring of weapons and the trampling of horses.

"The enemy! the enemy! To arms!" he shouted, firing off a pistol to awaken the sleepers nearest to him.

At that instant a discharge of musketry was heard just outside of the rampart, and in the next instant the ditch before the wall, which was not very deep, and was unfortunately dry, was full of soldiers, preparing, with loud shouts, to storm the wall. Numberless scaling-ladders were instantly erected, and the besiegers climbed up by them with the agility of cats. The first that succeeded in scaling the wall were thrown back into the ditch by Carl and the soldiers of the garrison who had hurried to his aid; but others followed in ever-increasing numbers, and it required but a short struggle to overpower the few defenders. Nearly all were shot down or covered with sabre wounds. Carl received a slight wound, but escaped with his life. As quickly as he could he made his way from

the Neustadt fortifications into the town, to inform Falkenberg of the surprise. But on the way he encountered hot firing in three different directions, and thus became aware that the fortifications he had left were not the only point attacked. The fortress was invested on all sides. Yet silence still pervaded the streets; the slumbering soldiers knew not even yet that the thunder-cloud had burst over their heads.

"To arms! to arms!" cried Carl, breathlessly, as he ran through the streets. "The enemy is upon the walls! TO ARMS!"

He hastened toward the town-hall, where he hoped to find Falkenberg, but at a turn in the street he met the brave commandant, who was marching rapidly toward the Neustadt gate at the head of a brave band that he had hastily collected.

"Help! save us!" cried Carl to him. "The enemy has scaled the walls!"

“Then we must throw him back into the ditch!” returned Falkenberg, resolutely, and hurried forward with redoubled speed. Carl kept close at his side. A brave resistance was made to the invaders; Falkenberg himself fought hand to hand. In the midst of the struggle the news came that the enemy threatened the opposite gates also.

“My children, hold out here as long as you can!” cried Falkenberg to the soldiers. “I must go over there! Defend yourselves to the last man! If you give way, all is lost!”

With these words he hurried to the threatened gate, and Carl followed close behind him. Where his general fought, there, too, was *his* place. At the gate all was noise, confusion and bloody conflict. It was, indeed, fully time for Falkenberg to be there, for the enemy had scaled the wall at that point also, with a very large force, and others were still pressing in. Falkenberg threw himself before

the deluge of death, and the soldiers followed him, their courage renewed by finding their honored commander at their head. At that moment a sharp volley of musketry was fired, a ball struck the brave Falkenberg in the breast, and with the cry, "I am killed!" he sank to the ground. Carl was terrified at seeing him fall, and quickly ran to his aid.

"No one can help me!" said the dying man, speaking with difficulty and with fast-whitening lips. "Help yourself, my boy! May God bless you and have mercy on this unhappy city!"

His eyes closed, the last sigh escaped from his heroic bosom, and the brave defender of Magdeburg was no more.

Carl pressed one kiss of love and sorrow upon the forehead of his noble friend and general, then quickly rose, for there was no time for the indulgence of grief. The enemy was gaining rapidly upon the defenders of the

city, who now, seeing their leader fall, gave way. Carl was borne along in the flight.

The continual firing of muskets, the shrill ringing of alarm-bells, the shouting, huzzaing and trampling in the streets at last awakened and alarmed the sleeping citizens, who now rushed out—most of them only half clothed and half armed—to meet the invaders. There might now have been some hopes of driving the imperial troops back, but alas! Falkenberg had fallen; the guiding hand which might have brought order out of confusion was cold in death. The want of powder now made itself felt. The small supply was speedily exhausted, and it was no longer possible to return the enemy's fire. Suddenly fresh tidings of evil spread; the besiegers were storming the city at two other gates! The general disorder and consternation now rose to the highest pitch. Four imperial regiments entered at those points, attacked the

garrison from behind, and completed the victory. The last of the leading officers of the Magdeburgers had fallen, sword in hand, and after five hours of desperate fighting, all resistance had ceased. Magdeburg—running red with blood—was at the mercy of a merciless foe, rendered more merciless by a long and tedious siege.

The broken-down gates were guarded by sentinels, and cannon were planted before them. Several other gates were opened, by which entered bands of Croats and Walloons, scattering like a pack of cruel blood-hounds through the unhappy and devoted city.

Even if he had been so disposed, Tilly could scarcely have kept his fierce bands of men under restraint, but he did not give himself the trouble of trying to do it. Magdeburg was given over to pillage; the savage, inhuman soldiery forced their way into the houses, and committed such pitiless deeds of

cruelty as have seldom been paralleled in the history of the world—such deeds as none could commit but men under the influence of those demoniac spirits whose horrid pleasure is in war and bloodshed. Old men, women, children, young girls,—none escaped the murderous fury of the terrible foe. One fearful cry of anguish arose to heaven throughout the length and breadth of the doomed city.

In scenes like these do we read the fulfillment of the prophecy that the serpent shall “bruise the heel” of the promised Redeemer. Wherever upon earth, from the day of gloom on Calvary, backward to the most remote age, or forward to the present day, evil has seemed to triumph over good, right over wrong, *there* the fiend has exulted over his permitted victory. Who, who could have hope or comfort amid such scenes of horror, did he not know, by faith, that the Prince of

Peace shall finally "beat down Satan under his feet"?

Carl had fought among the bravest to the last moment of the contest; as if by a miracle, he had escaped uninjured from the horrid scene. Pale, bloody and with features convulsed by distress, horror and excitement, he now hurried toward Herr Sparnagel's house. On the way he witnessed scenes of cruelty that chilled his blood, and heard, mingling everywhere with cries of pain and terror, the exulting shouts of the brutal soldiery.

Carl trembled as he thought of his beloved adopted parents and the little Elizabeth. With desperate eagerness he pressed through the streets, and reached Herr Sparnagel's house quite breathless.

"Thanks be to God!" he cried, "the door is still closed!"

Not to attract the attention of the soldiers in the street, he did not enter by the front

door, but went through a little court near by, from which a small gate led into the yard. This gate was also closed, and Carl would not venture to knock. He climbed up on the wall, and crossed a stable roof, from which he descended into the yard. Then he hastened into the house, and to the family sitting-room, where he was received with cries of joy.

"Carl! Thanks be to God, he is safe!" cried all with one voice.

"And you," he returned, breathlessly—"you are all living? no one wounded or hurt? My dear father and mother, my sweet little Elizabeth! Oh, father, terrible things are being done in the city! We must flee; nothing awaits us here but a horrible death!"

Herr Sparnagel, pale and exhausted—for, like Carl, he had been fighting valiantly all the morning—shook his head sadly. "Im-

possible!" he replied. "Every avenue of escape is closed, and these furious wretches, who spare neither woman nor child, would cut us down without mercy if they should see us."

"Let us hide, then; surely we can find some place of concealment!" said Carl. "It will be only for two or three days; then their fury will be past."

"I have already thought of that," said Herr Sparnagel. "Yes, we must hide ourselves, if we would escape death; perhaps worse than death! There are several good hiding-places in my granary: we will find the best and go there. Courage, dear wife; courage, my little Elizabeth! Let us yet hope that the Lord will preserve us from our enemies. Get some provisions together immediately. Carl, we will take our weapons with us. Happily, I have still a little powder and ball for our pistols. If they find us, we will

sell our lives dearly; we will fight until our last breath!"

"We will: and let us trust in God!" answered Carl, courageously. "But where is the captain? I do not see him! He certainly has not deserted us!"

"Oh no, I am not afraid of that!" answered Frau Sparnagel. "About an hour ago he went out, but first he closed and barred all the doors and the gate very carefully, and promised to return. I trust in his word."

"And you are right, noble lady!" said a deep voice; it was the captain himself who spoke, having just entered the room. Rage and grief were blended in the expression of his usually stern countenance, and his bearded lips trembled as he added:

"Oh, my friends, I have seen many fearful sights in my long experience of military life, but never anything so revolting as what is passing in your streets to-day! It is as

though a legion of devils had been let loose upon the city, for our Pandours and Croats and Walloons are acting toward the citizens more like demons than like honorable soldiers. Even poor innocent children are butchered without mercy! It was done before my eyes, and I had no power to prevent it; not one will listen to a word of humanity. And perhaps I shall not be able to protect you either. You must hide yourselves! What can so few as we are do against this myriad of blood-hounds? I will do all I can to save you. If they harm one of you, it will be across my dead body!"

"We have already agreed that it will be necessary to hide for a while," said Herr Sparnagel. "Come with us, captain!"

"No; I will remain down here in the house," replied the soldier. "If they see that I have possession of it already, they will perhaps not attempt to enter. But do you

go, and when it is safe for you to take flight, I will let you know. Only make haste; not a moment is to be lost!"

As if to add emphasis to this injunction, the sound of the butt of a musket, driven violently against the house door, was now heard, and loud, angry voices demanded admittance, with terrible threats. Frau Sparnagel was so alarmed that she trembled, but the old soldier reassured her.

"Go, good lady, to your hiding-place," he said. "I will be ready for them! The door is shut and barred, and I have barricaded it pretty strongly. You may place yourselves in safety long before they can force their way in. Only go; you must not stay here any longer!"

"But you?" asked Sparnagel. "Will not you be in danger if you stay?"

"My uniform protects me, and, if needs be, my good sword will aid me," replied the cap-

tain, composedly, while the knocking on the door resounded louder and louder through the house. "I will show you that I have nothing to fear."

He went resolutely to the window, opened the closed shutters, and leaned out.

"Ho, there! are you crazy, fellows?" he cried to the riotous soldiers below. "This house is taken; it belongs to me! Find yourselves another!"

"Ah, a captain! One of the Pappenheimers! We are too late, indeed! Good luck, comrade!" they cried, and the blows on the door ceased. The soldiers went away, and the captain closed the shutters.

"You see now," he said, turning to the family, "that I have nothing to fear for myself. They respect the Pappenheim cuirassiers. If I could get together a few of my corps—only a dozen—no one should harm a hair of your heads. But I fear," he added,

“that they too would plunder just now, as well as the rest. Go, go, friends; every minute may endanger your lives!”

“You are right, captain,” replied Herr Sparnagel. “Do not let us linger here, dear wife!”

He took the little Elizabeth, weeping with fright, in his arms. Frau Sparnagel hurriedly procured some food, Carl filled a large stone jar with water, and then all—Herr Sparnagel leading the way—ascended the stairs to the highest story. There they came to a wall which apparently divided the house from the adjoining one; but when Herr Sparnagel had touched a concealed spring, a small door opened, which led into a room, not very large, but still light and airy.

“I arranged this hiding-place some time ago,” he said, “since this disastrous war has been raging in our country, and now it is just what we need.”

"You did well, sir!" said the captain, who had followed the family in order to know their hiding-place in case of necessity. "Only remain quiet here until I bring you word. You will be well hidden, for the sharpest eye could not discover the spring which opens that door. Farewell, and God protect you all!"

He left them, hearing again a noise from below, and our fugitives in their own home remained quiet in their secret chamber. Not a word was spoken; each listened with throbbing heart to the confused and awful clangor that arose from the street. Musket shots were heard from time to time, swords clashed, and cries of mortal agony rose shrill above all other sounds. There was one little window in their room, through which they could see into the street. Herr Sparnagel cautiously approached it for the purpose of reconnoitering. But in a few



seconds he turned hastily away, his eyes and his pale countenance full of horror.

“Oh, what have you seen?” exclaimed his wife. “It must have been something fearful!”

“Fearful, indeed!” he replied, with quivering lips. “I could see but ten or eleven houses, yet that small space is crowded with horrors! I saw wives murdered in their husbands’ arms; I saw a daughter thrust through with a sword at her father’s feet; I saw a little child on its mother’s bosom pierced by a dagger! O Lord, have mercy on this unhappy city!”

Tears gushed from the eyes of the usually cheerful and courageous man, and he wrung his hands in the anguish of despair. The sad mother pressed her little Elizabeth to her bosom with a heart full of fear. Carl could scarcely preserve his composure. No one ventured again to the window; all sat still, absorbed in their own sad, anxious thoughts.

Thus passed hours. At last Herr Sparnagel sprang up, saying: "What can this mean? It seems to me that smoke is coming into the room! Can the monsters have fired the houses?"

Carl ran to the window.

"Awful!" he exclaimed. "As far as I can see, flames are bursting from all the roofs! The wind is fortunately blowing from us, and we are not yet in danger. And in spite of everything, the butchery and pillage are still going on! Oh, these men must be heartless!"

Herr Sparnagel satisfied himself that they were not in immediate danger, and then watched with a gloomy countenance the progress of the conflagration. A strong wind had arisen, and was driving the flames from one roof to another. No one tried to extinguish them. On the contrary, many of the soldiers were still running about with fire-

brands, throwing them into the houses that were not yet burning. And now they perceived that the flames had burst forth on the opposite side of the broad street.

"We are lost!" groaned Herr Sparnagel. "We have only a choice between being murdered by the soldiery or finding death in the flames! For my part, I prefer the latter!"

"No, no, Herr Sparnagel!" urged Carl. "Do not give way yet to despair! If danger were so near, our friend, the captain, would certainly have come to us. The flames have not yet reached our house, and God may grant that it shall be spared! The captain will keep them from firing it, if it be in his power."

"What could he do against so many?" answered Herr Sparnagel, hopelessly.

At this moment hurried footsteps were heard approaching their door. It was opened in the next instant, and the captain entered.

"We must leave," he said. "The adjoining houses are on fire, and in a few moments this may be burning too."

"Let it be so!" answered Herr Sparnagel, in despair. "I would rather die by fire than give my wife and child up to the fury of these blood-hounds! The flames will have mercy upon them, rather than those men!"

"Not so, my friends; you shall neither be murdered nor burned," replied the captain. "Do you not see what I have brought with me? Dress yourselves quickly! Here, noble lady, take this coat of mail and this helmet; I took them from the body of a young cornet who lay dead in the street. You will pass for one of our men. But make haste! I smell the fire close at hand already!"

He threw the armor down before the trembling woman, who hastened to assume it. The captain had brought other articles with him, which he gave to Herr Sparnagel and

Carl, and in a few minutes they were completely disguised in the imperial uniform. The captain had also provided weapons.

"With these I can defend my wife and child!" exclaimed Herr Sparnagel.

"You will not need them, I think," answered the captain, consolingly. "The confusion is so great that no one will notice or suspect you."

"But my child! my Elizabeth!" exclaimed Herr Sparnagel, with increasing excitement. "How shall we conceal the little creature?"

"I have provided for her too," replied the captain. "Wait a moment."

He hurried out, and directly returned with a large sack, which he triumphantly displayed to the others.

"We can put her into this, and they will suppose that it is some article of booty; that is, if the little one will only be quiet."

"You are surely God's messenger for our

safety, captain!" cried Herr Sparnagel. "How can I ever thank you enough?"

"Thank *him!*" replied the old man, pointing to Carl. "If it had not been for him, it is not likely we should ever have become acquainted."

"Ah, Carl, my dear son, my faithful companion in misfortune!" said his adopted father, much moved, seizing the boy's hand. "I bless the hour in which I found you and brought you to my house! It was but a slight act of kindness, yet how richly the Lord has repaid it! Without you, we might all have fallen into the enemy's hands!"

"Enough, enough!" interrupted the friendly captain. "We have better use for our time than to spend it in talking. Are you ready, my good lady?"

"I am," replied Frau Sparnagel as she re-entered the room. The helmet covered her long, heavy, dark hair, and the coat of mail

fitted well upon her figure. It would have taken a sharp eye, indeed, to have discovered her sex.

"Very well!" said the old soldier. "Now fasten on this sword and let us go."

"But where?" asked Herr Sparnagel. "Do you know of any place of refuge?"

"Yes, in the cathedral!" replied the captain. "I have heard that it alone is to be spared. It will serve as an asylum. There we will go; fortunately, it is not far distant. Come here, my little Lieschen; you must creep into this sack, and I will carry you on my shoulder. Don't be afraid; I will not let any one hurt you."

"Oh, I am not afraid!" replied the little one, confidingly, suffering herself to be placed in the sack. "If you are with me, and father and mother, no one will harm me."

"So much the better, my child!" said the old soldier, raising the light burden to his

shoulder. "And now come; only courage! Look out fearlessly from under your helmets and keep close to me. And you, dear lady, be very careful not to betray yourself by your fright or horror at the shocking scenes in the street; *that* might be death to all of us. Take good care; you will see fearful sights, but control your feelings!"

"I will!" replied Frau Sparnagel. "I will remember that the lives of my husband and my child depend upon it!"

"Right!" said the captain, approvingly. "Now come, for the smoke is rising thicker and thicker; the stairway will be on fire directly. Do not be afraid, nor even cast down your eyes; the more wild and fearless you look, the better!"

With these words, the captain led the way down the stairs and into the street. The rest kept close behind him. Their escape was not made a moment too soon, for scarcely

were they in the street before the outer staircase was in flames.

"God be praised, we are in the open air!" said the captain. "Courage, comrades; forward!"

And now not only Frau Sparnagel, but even her companions, needed all their courage—needed almost superhuman resolution—not to be overcome by the horrors that met their eyes on the short road to the cathedral. Stifling smoke, mingled with showers of sparks, obscured the air; the whole city appeared to be on fire, and in the midst of the flames the terrible work of robbery and murder went unceasingly on. Over countless corpses, lying with gaping wounds upon the pavements, between flashing swords and among ruins, the fugitives held on their way. Blood lay in all the little hollows along the road, like puddles of water after a heavy rain. Violence, noise, confusion reigned supreme.

Frightful figures, with bloodstained armor and dripping weapons, and with visages deformed by the fiendish passions of war, met them and looked suspiciously at them. Without the captain, they could scarcely have passed unmolested through the streets; but the veteran put on his fiercest expression, and pressed forward with so commanding a mien that no one ventured to molest him or his party on their way.

“It is a Pappenheimer!” men muttered.
“They are no jokers!”

With silent prayers for help and strength from above, the little family went forward. Frau Sparnagel exerted herself to the utmost to walk firmly on, although she was almost fainting at the sickening sights around her. Her husband fortunately observed her condition, and aided her with his arm.

“Courage, dearest wife!” he whispered.
“We are almost there!”

She quickly recovered herself, and they went on as before, the captain making way for them. Several times, indeed, he had to use his sword, when some band, more lawless than the rest, blocked his way; but he laid about him so vigorously that the men were glad to get beyond his reach as quickly as they could. At last the little party reached the cathedral. The great door was closed, but Herr Sparnagel knew a small side entrance, and there he knocked with the hilt of his sword.

"Take care what you are about there!" said a Croat who was passing, in broken German. "If Tilly sees you, you will be tied up. The city is given us to sack, but the churches are to be spared."

"All right, comrade!" replied Sparnagel. "Thank you for the warning; but I did not come here to plunder, only to find some one."

The Croat passed on without suspicion, and Sparnagel knocked again.

"Who is there?" timidly inquired a voice.

"The Sparnagel family," whispered the merchant through an opening in the door.

"Open, I beg of you, or we are lost!"

The bolts rattled, and the door moved on its hinges. When the man who was opening it caught sight of the imperial uniform, he was suddenly about to close it, but Herr Sparnagel pressed quickly in, drawing his wife and child with him. Carl and the captain followed, and within the sacred walls all fell upon their knees and thanked the Lord who had delivered them from so great danger. Within His house they felt safe from the destruction without; and perhaps no more heartfelt thanksgiving had ever arisen from the soul of Sabbath worshiper on that hallowed spot than was now breathed forth by those to whom it had become the only asylum on earth.



VI.

A NEW HOME.

"Then are they glad because they be quiet."

FOR two full days the work of death and destruction continued ; and not until the fourteenth of May, when Tilly himself entered the devastated city, was any restraint put upon the violence of the soldiery. All those who were still living received pardon, and whatever had escaped the flames was spared. Some thousand people had taken refuge in the cathedral, and they were now all permitted to go free. With tearful eyes and hearts full of anguish, they gazed on the desolation of their beloved city, of which little remained but heaps of smoking ruins. Fire

and sword had done their fearful work. Thirty thousand human beings had been sacrificed to the fiendish wrath of the foe.

“What will become of us?” said Herr Sparnagel, sadly, as, surrounded by his family, he surveyed the ruins of his house. “All my possessions lie buried under these fragments. We are reduced to beggary!”

“Perhaps we may be able to get into the cellar, where your money and jewels are hidden, sir,” whispered Carl to his adopted father. “We must wait until night, that no one may see us.”

“The attempt can do no harm, at any rate,” replied Herr Sparnagel, in the same tone. “We will think over it at leisure. The first thing is to find some shelter for my wife and child.”

To find any lodging in the city was impossible, for the few houses which had escaped that direful conflagration were occupied by

Tilly and his highest officers. But Herr Sparnagel possessed, at about half a league from Magdeburg, a large garden with a little house in the midst of it; and it was decided that they should go there. They hoped to find the house still standing, and to make it habitable, at least for a few days. There was some little consolation in finding their hopes realized. The house was, indeed, stripped of everything it had contained, but was in quite good condition, and would afford them shelter from wind and rain. In providing for their remaining necessities, the old captain afforded valuable aid. He obtained a wagon and a pair of horses, with which Herr Sparnagel went to the nearest village that was still inhabited. There he succeeded in procuring some beds and some articles of clothing; the latter his wife received with particular pleasure, as they enabled her at last to lay aside the uniform and appear in womanly apparel.

The family remained for several days in this little dwelling, as did also their new friend, the captain, who had resolved henceforward never to leave them.

"I am tired of war," he said. "What I have witnessed in your city has disgusted me with a soldier's life now and for ever. I abandon the sword for the plough. I long to lead the quiet, peaceful life of a farmer."

Herr Sparnagel applauded his resolution, rejoicing much in the possession of so brave and faithful a companion. Nor did he conceal from the captain his intention of searching the cellar of his house, to which undertaking the old man offered his assistance.

"But let us wait a few days," he said; "the attempt would be dangerous just now. Tilly cannot possibly remain very long in the ruined city. The pillage, it is true, has ceased; but if our movements were observed

by any covetous eye, we might lose not only the treasure, but our lives."

This counsel was too sensible to be slighted, so they deferred the attempt. But Carl went every day to the city to procure food and to bring what news he could hear. At last he came home quite joyful, and told the family that Tilly, with his whole army, had taken the Thuringian road.

"To-night, then, we will dig our way into the cellar," said Herr Sparnagel, and the others assented.

Provided with picks and spades, Herr Sparnagel, the captain and Carl set out at early dusk for the city, went to the ruins of their house, and commenced their labors without any particular precautions. They thought they had nothing to fear, since Tilly and his army had left. The ill-fated city lay silent and deserted in the moonlight; nothing was to be seen save heaps of ruins, from

which protruded half-charred beams. Our friends went to work immediately, without suspecting that a sharp eye was secretly watching them. A few soldiers—most of them wounded—had been left behind, and one of these, hidden behind a wall, witnessed their proceedings.

“They are not burrowing among that rubbish for nothing,” thought the cunning Croat. “They are searching for something, and that something must be either gold or what is worth gold! I’ll see!”

He stood motionless in his place of concealment, in whose deep shadow he was entirely hidden. In the mean time, our diligent little party succeeded in clearing away and throwing aside the fragments of stone, plaster and charred wood, and at last Herr Sparnagel suddenly uttered a joyful exclamation.

“Here is the entrance to the cellar!” he

said. "The door is locked! My little treasure is still there!"

He had no key, but it was not difficult for him and his companions to break open the door with their picks. Herr Sparnagel descended first into the cellar; the others followed.

"Just so! a treasure!" exclaimed the Croat, in an undertone, rubbing his hands. "How shall I get hold of it? I cannot do it by myself, but I know two comrades who will be glad to help me for a share of the spoil. Now let me see what they do with their booty."

It was not long before Herr Sparnagel and his two companions came up from the cellar, carrying two boxes that seemed tolerably heavy.

"God be thanked!" said Herr Sparnagel. "He has preserved to me my property, and thus relieved me from the most pressing of

my anxieties. At home we will determine how to use this treasure. Let us go."

They went home. The Croat followed them, and when they had gone into the little house in the garden, he placed his ear at the closed window-shutters and listened for a long time.

"Good! I know all about it now!" he said to himself. "They will set out to-morrow morning. We, too, will be ready then, and it will be strange if we do not find some chance to fall upon them unawares!" So saying, he turned to go back to the city, and was soon lost amid the shadows of the night.

On the next morning, a little after sunrise, a light wagon, drawn by two horses, set out from the little cottage. Herr Sparnagel was in it with his wife and child. Two persons on horseback—the old captain and Carl—rode close behind the wagon. They were armed with swords and pistols, in case of any

danger. It was decided that the little party should go to Carl's native place, and seek in the silver-valley—that retired little corner of the earth, so easily rendered inaccessible to hostile foot—a refuge until the storm of war should be over.

They traveled but a short distance each day, not to weary Frau Sparnagel and the little Elizabeth, so that it was nearly a fortnight before they arrived at the entrance to the valley.

Up to this time no mishap of any importance had retarded their journey. But now, just as Herr Sparnagel was in the act of unharnessing the horses to lead them through the narrow pass, a gunshot was heard close by, and balls whistled over the travelers' heads, happily without wounding any one.

“A surprise!” exclaimed Carl, who had already dismounted. The captain had passed into the valley with the two horses.

"Take care of your wife and child, Herr Sparnagel!" continued the youth. "Go in at once! I will stay at the entrance until you are in safety!"

At the same instant he drew his sword and boldly turned to meet three Croats who suddenly burst out of their ambush and rushed toward him. He contended bravely against them for a few moments, giving Herr Sparnagel time to put his wife and child in safety and to call the captain to the rescue. With him he returned in a few minutes, just when Carl, after a manful resistance, had been stretched on the ground by a blow from one of the Croats.

"Ah! you shall pay dearly for that!" cried the old captain, taking a deadly aim at the foremost of the robbers, whom he brought to the ground. Herr Sparnagel also attacked them, and in a few minutes the remaining two were driven off. No one thought of pur-

suing them. The victors both knelt down beside Carl.

“He lives, thanks to God! and his wounds do not seem to be dangerous!” said Herr Sparnagel. “What grief it would have been to lose him just here on the threshold of the new home to which he has led us! O Lord,” said Herr Sparnagel, reverently and with deep emotion, “how much thou hast done for me by the hand of this boy! How richly hast thou rewarded me for the ‘cup of cold water’ thou didst permit me to offer him! Truly, it is a glorious privilege to do good in thy name and for thy sake! This youth has saved me, has saved my wife and child from distress and misery and shame, perhaps from death! He has sacrificed himself for our sakes! Can we ever cease to love him?—See, he opens his eyes! Carl, my son, are you better?”

“I was only stunned,” answered the boy.

"It was a blow from the broad side of a sabre that knocked me down. But where are the robbers? Gone? Is Frau Sparnagel safe, sir, and little Elizabeth?"

"Safe, thanks to you!" replied Herr Sparnagel. "Your noble self-sacrifice gave me time to put them beyond the reach of harm. Let us follow them. Oh, may we find here the peace and rest we so earnestly desire!"

Their wish was mercifully granted. In this secluded spot they dwelt unmolested amid the strife and dire confusion that reigned for years longer in the land. Carl soon recovered from his injuries, and received ample compensation for all he had undergone, in the fullest love and confidence of his adopted parents and sister.

Peacefully, happily, they lived and labored together in the fruitful valley; reaping, with loving and thankful spirits, amid all the strife

and confusion of the land around them, the fruits of their faith and diligence.

“Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”

A HISTORIC SKETCH OF THE THIRTY
YEARS' WAR.

BY C. P. KRAUTH, D.D.





A HISTORIC SKETCH
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THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE IRON AGE CAME IN.

"Behold a fourth beast: it had great iron teeth: it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it."—DANIEL vii. 7.

IN Germany, where the story of the "Iron Age" was written, the boys and girls know all about the Thirty Years' War (which was the time of the Iron Age), as our boys and girls know all about our Revolution. A story can begin anywhere in the Thirty Years' War and the children know how to fit it in.

But in America, many grown people even know very little about the way the Iron Age came in, and how the dreadful scenes of which this story tells were brought about, and how it all turned out at last. Now these chapters are meant to explain this; to tell the simple story of the Iron Age of the Thirty Years' War. The Thirty Years' War is the most tangled of all wars, but we shall try to keep everything clear and make it easy to remember, by arranging the matter with care and keeping distinctly before the reader the chief date, place and name which come up in each part.

I. Causes of the War.
Germany. 1517-1617.

The Reformation which God brought about through Luther and other great and good men spread so fast that it looked as if all Europe were going to give up the Roman Catholic errors and come back to the pure Gospel. The Pope and his friends were very angry and very much fright-

ened at this. The Holy Scriptures and all the good arguments were on Luther's side. The Pope saw that he could not prove to the people that Romanism is right, and he saw too that if something was not done his reign of deceit and cruelty would soon be over. So he and the Jesuits persuaded the rulers to persecute the Protestants who could neither be coaxed back nor driven back. The Pope found it very hard to put falsehoods into the head of an honest man, who wished to know the truth ; but when the kings helped him, he found it easy enough to cut the honest man's head off or burn him to death. So when the Pope, with all his cunning, could not persuade men to give up the Gospel, he got the rulers, wherever he could, to kill them ; and when, in spite of all his efforts, the countries became Protestant, he tried to get the Roman Catholic princes to make war on them. Luther was so opposed to persecution and violence,

and to mixing politics with religion, and to any way of promoting the Gospel except by teaching the truth, that he kept the Lutheran princes from going into war, even when everything was done to provoke them to it. He would not let the Roman Catholics be persecuted where the Protestants had power. So the Roman Catholics could not find any good excuse for making war on the Lutheran princes, and there was peace till after Luther's death. But in 1546—the very year Luther died—war was made on the Protestants. But at last the Roman Catholics had to give up for the time. In 1555 the religious peace of Augsburg put a stop to the religious wars in Germany for the Sixteenth century. This peace gave the Lutherans the same rights as the Roman Catholics. It was a great triumph of religious liberty. The Pope was terribly displeased with it, and tried to persuade the emperor to

break his oath that he would not oppress the Protestants any longer. But the emperor would not do it, though the Pope promised him absolution, which meant that, though God says that perjurers shall be sent to hell, the Pope was ready to promise that God should not send the emperor there, even if he did swear falsely. The Pope was doing just what St. Paul said the man of sin would do: "He as God sitteth in the temple of God; exalteth himself above all that is called God."

But though the Roman Catholics were compelled to grant the Lutherans their rights, they did not like to do it, and whenever a chance occurred they violated the treaty as much as they dared. The Pope and the Jesuits were always watching and planning and plotting. The Jesuits said that it was not wrong to break promises made to heretics; and all the dreadful lies they told, and all the

treachery they practiced, and all the massacres and murders they stirred up men to do, they pretended were for the "greater glory of God." These words were their motto. That is just what our Lord had said would take place: "Whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

1609. Bohemia.
Rudolph II.

But in spite of the bad faith of many of the Roman Catholics, no war broke out again until the Seventeenth century. Right in the heart of Europe—in Bohemia—it began. Long before the Reformation there were many in Bohemia who resisted some of the Romish errors. These old Protestants before Protestantism were called Utraquists and Calixtines, because they used *both* (*utraque*, in Latin) the *cup* (*calix*, in Latin) and the bread at the Communion, as our Saviour commanded, and not the bread only, as the Romanists do. They were dreadfully persecuted, but they fought

bravely and often beat the Romanists. After the Reformation, two-thirds of the Bohemians were Protestants. Protestantism was so strong that in 1609, Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany, guaranteed that it should have freedom in Bohemia.

1612. Bohemia.
Matthias.

In 1612, Matthias succeeded his brother Rudolph as emperor. He violated the agreement with the Utraquists, and refused toleration utterly to the Lutherans and Calvinists. The whole body of Protestants made common cause, but their protests and petitions were treated with contempt.

II. Beginning of the
War. Bohemia.
Matthias. 1618-19.

On the 23d of May, 1618, two of the four officials of the emperor, at Prague, who had announced in his name that he would not tolerate the Lutherans and Calvinists, were seized in the royal castle by a band of Utraquist nobles, and, with the private secretary, in

accordance with what a grave historian calls "the ancient Bohemian usage," were pitched out of the window. The window was eighty feet from the ground; but happily for the gentlemen, in their grand though involuntary feat of lofty tumbling, they fell on a pile of rubbish and their necks were not broken. They hurried to Vienna to meet their emperor, who swore revenge. The 23d of May, 1618, may be called the first day of the Thirty Years' War. The battle of the Dust Heap might make us laugh, if it had not opened one of the longest and most dreadful wars in the history of the world.

III. War for Frederick. Bohemia. Maximilian. 1620-25. Calamity and suffering were indeed to come upon the Bohemians in a measure which would have satisfied the most revengeful spirit. But Matthias was not to inflict them. He died in less than a year, and was succeeded as emperor by Ferdinand II. (1619).

Ferdinand II. was a very bigoted Romanist. He had been educated by Jesuits, and was ready for anything they might wish him to do. But the Bohemians would not allow him to be their king, and chose in his place the Elector Frederick V. of the Palatinate. Frederick V. was of the Calvinistic faith. He was not wise in accepting—as he did very eagerly—the throne thus offered. He was crowned at Prague, November 4, 1619. He gathered all the troops he could to meet the emperor, and even proposed to the Turks to be his allies, which was so contrary to right feeling both for his country and his religion that all Germany—the Protestant as well as the Roman Catholic part—was shocked at it, and the elector of Saxony promised aid to the emperor.

1620. Prague.
Frederick V.

The great generals, Tilly and Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, attacked the Bohemian army, with Frederick

at its head, near Prague, and beat them, November 8, 1620. Ferdinand not only took away the kingdom from Frederick, but drove him out of his electorate, and the poor elector and ex-king never had even a home again. The victories of Gustavus, of which we shall tell at their place, aroused his hopes; but when Gustavus fell at Lützen, Frederick exclaimed, "It is God's will!" took to his bed, and in eleven days after died of a broken heart. Twenty-seven of the nobles were beheaded after the defeat of Frederick. By this terrible battle of the White Mountain, Bohemia was wiped out of the list of kingdoms. It became and is to this day a mere portion of Austria, and Protestantism never recovered there from the blow then given it.

1622. Wimpfen.
Tilly.

It looked as if the fate of Bohemia might soon be the fate of Germany, and that Protestantism might be blotted out in blood. The Margrave of

Baden-Dourlach and the Count of Mansfeld were trying to unite their armies under pretence of defending the Protestant cause. But Tilly, after the brilliant victory at Prague, in which he had borne so large a part, hastened to the Rhine to prevent this union, and succeeded. He attacked the margrave in the defiles of Wimpfen, and though the battle was fought with the greatest bravery by the Protestants, they were defeated. Tilly followed up the Protestant armies under Christian of Halberstadt and Mansfeld, beat them repeatedly, broke them up and compelled their leaders to take refuge in England (1623). The Papists began to hope that Romanism would again rule all Germany. Those who called themselves defenders of Protestantism were often either weak or bad men, and God used the enemies of truth to chastise its pretended friends.

But in spite of its bad leaders and great

misfortunes, the Protestant interest seemed to

1626. Dessau.
Wallenstein.

revive again. Mansfeld had obtained a commission as an English general, and had gathered a strong force of English soldiers. Other armies were in the field against the emperor, who was now threatened from various quarters. His army was partly disbanded and his money all spent. He might have been overthrown had not Wallenstein, who was the greatest of the imperial generals, come to his aid. Wallenstein offered to raise an army of forty thousand men with his own funds, and pay them with what they took from their enemies. His renown, his wealth, his indulgence of his soldiers, drew around him at once a great army from every part of Europe. They seemed to make a mob rather than an army; "but the iron hand of their commander kneaded them into a well-united mass." He took a fortified

position at Dessau, on the lower Elbe. Three times Mansfeld attacked him there, and three times was beaten; the third time utterly put to rout. Wallenstein followed him up, striking him at every opening, till Mansfeld fled from the remnant of his army and died at a village on the way to Venice, where he had intended to take refuge. Christian of Halberstadt had died before him, only twenty-seven years of age.

IV. Foreign inter-
ference. Christian
IV. of Denmark.
Lutta. 1625-28.

Outside of Germany, the first friend who came to the rescue of Protestantism was Christian IV. of Denmark. With all the aid in soldiers and money he could obtain from allies, Christian advanced to meet Tilly, who was carrying on the war west of the Elbe, while Wallenstein was pressing his victory in eastern Germany. King Christian's mind had been very much affected by a fall from his horse, and he believed that God had called

him in a miraculous way to be the champion of the Protestant religion. Tilly, by his skillful manœuvres, wasted away the poor king's army till half of it was gone, then forced him to stand at Lutta, and on August 17, 1626, the Danes were completely defeated and Christian fled into his own kingdom. In 1627, Tilly took one by one the towns on the west side of the Elbe which the Danish garrisons had occupied. Wallenstein, after beating Mansfeld, had driven out the Danes east of the Elbe, and now he and Tilly united their armies. In 1628, Christian came back with a new army; but Wallenstein, in one campaign, compelled him to beg for peace and to promise to interfere no more in the affairs of Germany.

V. Edict of Restitution. Ferdinand II.
Austria. 1629-32.

Ferdinand II. was now so drunken with victory that he issued the Edict of Restitution (1629), which he pretended was the "authentic explan-

ation of the religious peace." By this edict the Protestants—which was a name only given at that time to the Lutherans—were to surrender all the foundations which they had confiscated since the treaty of Passau. Only those who received the Augsburg Confession were to have the benefits of the religious peace. The Calvinists were to be excluded from it entirely, though by general consent they had hitherto enjoyed the benefits which, in strict technicality, belonged only to the Lutherans. The Roman Catholic States were to have unrestrained liberty to persecute and blot out Protestantism in their hereditary lands. The Protestant worship was completely suppressed throughout all Austria. It looked as if all was lost, when, on the 24th of June, 1530, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, as "Protector of the Protestant Faith," landed a little army of thirteen thousand men on the coast of Pomer-

ania. This movement was daring beyond expression. It accepted the challenge of one of the mightiest empires on the globe—an empire which had the greatest generals of the time at the head of its armies—armies which were composed of veteran troops, flushed with continued victories and who believed themselves to be invincible. But from the earliest movements of Gustavus it was clear that his judgment was as solid as his bravery and enterprise were brilliant. His enemies were soon taught not to overvalue themselves nor to despise an army which, though few in numbers, was composed of disciplined, hardy troops, made invincible by a holy purpose and led by one who was as great in action as he was bold and skillful in planning. Wherever Gustavus appeared the fortresses and towns gave themselves up to him. He drove Tilly back upon the Elbe. The courtiers at Vienna tried to

flatter the emperor, who began to get very uneasy. "He has no army," they said—"nothing but a body-guard. Never mind him. He is only a snow-king. He will soon melt as he gets down to the warm south." But there was no melting of that man, unless it was melting like that which makes the resistless avalanche glide down from the cold, high mountain to grind everything to pieces before it. But at this period of reviving hope a cloud fell upon the joyous hearts of the Protestants. While the Swedes were occupied in another part of Germany, that dreadful tragedy occurred which is the historical centre of the story in this volume—the taking of Magdeburg.

1631. Magdeburg.
Pappenheim.

This rich and populous imperial city was devoted to the Lutheran faith and abhorred the imperialists, who had been ordered to seize and hold it against the Swedes. For making an al-

liance with Gustavus it was put under the ban of the empire. Tilly and Pappenheim were charged to execute the ban. It is precisely at this awful point in the Iron Age that the story in this book begins. After a heroic resistance, Magdeburg was taken, May 10, 1631. The sacking of the city was one of the most fearful pieces of murderous wickedness in this bad world since the death of righteous Abel. Pappenheim had the tiger's thirst for blood, aroused to the last pitch by the obstinate defence of the city, and let loose his wild Croats, Walloons and Pandours upon the devoted people, who were butchered without distinction of age or sex. When the soldiers had plundered the richest houses, they set fire to the rest, and a violent wind rising, the whole city was wrapped in flames, in which the living and the dead were consumed together. In the church of St. Catharine were found fifty-three women with their hands tied

behind them and heads cut off. Poor little children, crying for their murdered parents in the streets, and innocent babes and the mothers on whose breasts they lay were run through with spears and swords. Even the emperor's officers, accustomed as they were to scenes of blood, implored Tilly to restrain these dreadful crimes. His reply, it is said, was: "The soldier has his danger and labor. He must get something to pay him for them." Of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, only five thousand were left after the massacre. When the flames began to abate, the pillage of the city was renewed. Rich treasures were found in the cellars and other hiding-places where the citizens had concealed them. More than six thousand bodies were flung into the Elbe to clear the streets. In Tilly's own account sent to the emperor he declared that the horrors of the siege had nothing equal to them since Jerusalem had fallen. But awful

as the sufferings of Magdeburg were, we know that they were not as terrible as those of Jerusalem, for Jesus said: "There shall be great tribulations, such as were not from the beginning of the world to this time; no, nor ever shall be." Tilly never knew an hour of happiness nor a gleam of success after his great crime.





CHAPTER II.

HOW THE STEEL BROKE THE IRON.

“Shall iron break the northern iron and steel?”—JER. xv. 12.

THE approach of deliverance had precipitated the fall of Magdeburg. It was dread of the coming of Gustavus Adolphus which had led Tilly to storm the city. It was

1630. Sweden. Gus- not the fault of Gustavus that
tavus Adolphus. Magdeburg was not saved.

The guilt of its fall rests in great measure on the feeble, selfish vacillation of some of the very princes he came to rescue. Gustavus the Great was one of the noblest kings of a land of noble kings. He was acquainted with eight languages, four of which he spoke and wrote fluently. He was well read in the

classics and in ancient history. The accomplishments which make a man gentle he combined with the knowledge and habits which make a man strong. He was a fine musician and excelled in all manly exercises, but he was also trained to a thorough knowledge of business, and was at once the greatest warrior and greatest statesman of his age. He was the first soldier, not in a peaceful time, but in an age of great wars and of great soldiers. By the law of Sweden no one could take the throne before he was eighteen, but Gustavus was a boy of such brilliant promise that the law was set aside in his case. He took the sceptre at the age of seventeen, and in a few years, by his prudence and valor, Sweden was delivered from dangers which threatened her very existence. Moved by political reasons of great weight, and yet more by religious convictions, he appeared as the defender of the precious faith restored by Luther, and

which was very dear to the heart of the king.

When Gustavus crossed the Baltic sea, June 24, 1530—just one hundred years to a day after the delivery of the Augsburg Confession—it seemed as if the cause of truth was gone beyond all help. Every attempt at resistance had been crushed out. The generals of the empire were the most renowned commanders of the time—men who could win victories and knew how to make the most terrible use of them.

1631-32. Leipzig.
Lech. Tilly.

But four months had passed since the downfall of Magdeburg when the ravening Wolf, glutted with the blood of the innocent, found himself confronted with the Lion of the North. Tilly was encamped near Leipzig. The fierce Pappenheim forced him to attack Gustavus. The battle was long and bloody, but the imperial army was routed. Tilly saw his soldiers fly-

ing in wild confusion. The terrible old field-marshal, almost alone, bleeding from three wounds, wept in rage and despair, and swore that he, the victor in thirty-six battles, the loser in none before this fatal day, would die rather than retreat. He was at length persuaded to withdraw, and with a few regiments of his veterans fought his way through. Gustavus forced him afterward beyond the river Lech, and there—April 5, 1632—Tilly received his death-wound. He expired the next day, at the age of seventy-three. Tilly had been a member of the society of Jesuits, and never lost the fierce fanaticism and terrible power which knowing how to obey and how to command gives to that order. He hated heretics and loved the Roman Catholic religion intensely, unlike Wallenstein, who cared little for the interests of religion in any form, and sought the wealth and pomp which Tilly despised. Tilly was a little man, very ugly,

with red hair, large beard, a pale face and piercing eyes. He lived like a monk in the midst of the camp. He thirsted for blood, but never touched wine. He murdered women, but boasted that he never had loved them. He was never so weak as to take children into his arms, but he did not prevent his Croats from stabbing them and hurling them into the flames. He was very silent, and seemed generally absorbed in thought. He put away honors from him and died poor. He was too much occupied with great crimes to leave room for small vices.

1631. Germany.
Wallenstein.

After Tilly's death there was but one general who could hope successfully to meet Gustavus Adolphus. This was Wallenstein. From his earliest childhood he had shown an imperious and daring spirit and a love of military life. His family belonged to the old Utraquist Protestants of Bohemia, but his uncle, who was also

his guardian, was a Roman Catholic, who put him under the care of the Jesuits, by whom he was converted to the Church of Rome. He mastered the learning of his time, and showed as a student the most brilliant talents. In the war against the Turks he displayed his military talents and personal bravery. In peace he was so sagacious that he gathered enormous wealth, which in war he bestowed with such lavish hand upon his soldiers as to make him their idol. In the 'Thirty Years' War he rendered most important services to the imperial cause. Whether the emperor needed funds for his treasury, soldiers for his wars, or splendid genius to make both funds and soldiers effective, Wallenstein supplied all. Like all the greatest generals, he knew the value of speed, and his enemies often only discovered where he was by his springing upon them. When he drove King Christian out of Germany and saw that he had escaped

in his ships, his fury was such that, like a child who slaps the chair on which he has hurt himself, he ordered his men to bombard the sea with red-hot bullets. He was one of the first who comprehended the depth of the plans of Gustavus, and did homage to the greatness of his character. Wallenstein was too successful to escape envy and bitter enmity. His vices and virtues were alike against him. The princes whom he dwarfed by comparison hated the brains which told against their blood. Tilly hated him as the only rival he had occasion to fear. His despotic character and fierceness, his aversion to foreigners, his hatred to priests and to the Jesuits, raised him up bitter enemies, at the head of whom was Maximilian of Bavaria. Such was the pressure brought to bear on the emperor, who was not himself free from jealousy and fear of the great leader who had served him so well, that finally, after long

hesitation, he dismissed Wallenstein from the leadership of the army in 1630, just when Gustavus left the coast of Sweden to invade Germany. Wallenstein retired without a word of complaint, feeling, no doubt, that he could do better without the emperor than the emperor could do without him. He had not long to wait. Gustavus Adolphus, by his grand achievements, had brought the empire to the brink of ruin. If Wallenstein could not be brought to the rescue, all was over. The emperor who had dismissed him had to implore him to resume the command, and Wallenstein finally took it, but on terms which made him almost the emperor's equal: in the army, in fact, he was the emperor's superior.

Probably two such generals as were now to test their strength never before met in battle. The great struggle between Wallenstein and Gustavus took place at Lützen, November 6,

1632. The differences in the character of the two armies who were here to meet was as marked as that of their leaders. There has

1632. Lützen. Gus- never been gathered in our
tavius Adolphus. world an army so simply and

earnestly religious as that which Gustavus led. It became the model of the army which terminated the great civil war in England a few years later. The imperial army pretended to fight for religion, but in it "there reigned only immorality, lust, cruelty and disregard of all the virtues and decencies of life." "If the number of the army of Gustavus was small, the materials were admirable; hardy children of the North, as ready, perhaps readier, for a winter campaign than for a summer; trained in the habits of a strict and, so far as he could make it so, a godly discipline." In its ranks was a Scottish brigade, and of the officers who served under Gustavus there are none of whom we hear more honorably than

of the Seatons, Leslie, Mackays, Monroes

The two Armies. and Hepburns. The king trusted in them and they loved the king. Among the Swedish nobles there are still Scotch names, which perpetuate in the descendants the memory of their fathers who fought under Gustavus. In the army of the king every crime was punished with severity, but, above all, blasphemy, cruelty to women, stealing, gaming and duelling. Simplicity of manners and habits was commanded by the military law of Sweden, and not even in the king's tent was there silver or gold plate. He watched the religious interests and personal morals of his soldiers. Every regiment had its chaplain, around whom the soldiers gathered in the open air for morning and evening prayer.



CHAPTER III.

THE SWEDES' STONE.

"The stone that smote the image became a great mountain and filled the whole earth."—DANIEL ii. 35.

THE battle of Lützen still affords one of the most interesting chapters in military history, notwithstanding all the gigantic additions which the annals of the last and present centuries have made to it. Though it occurred just halfway in the period of the Thirty Years' War, yet it was in truth the

Battle of Lützen.	turning-point of the contest.
Place in History.	
Importance of.	Up to that point the event in

debate was the annihilation of one party by the other. After it, the terms of separation only. To the soldier it is memorable as the

last field in which the old system of tactics was fairly pitted against the modern; for the modern military art may be truly described as a development only of that introduced by Gustavus Adolphus. But it is more famous as the occasion of victory and death to one of the few leading spirits of the world's history; one of the few in whom nobleness of heart and purpose and prominence of genius were so fused together as to constitute the true character of the hero."

On the morning of the great battle of Lützen the king received the Holy Supper. At the early prayer was sung the king's own hymn: "Forsake not, Lord, thy little flock." The king remained long upon his knees in silent communion with his God. While this was passing a heavy mist gathered. As the hour of battle approached the whole army, with the rolling of kettle-drums and with the trumpets swelling the sound, sang Luther's

great hymn, "A fast-set bulwark is our God," and "Our God shall to us gracious be." The Swedes were led by the king in person. A more gallant army never entered into action, and yet its experienced generals remarked with regret that these were not the same invincible Swedes who had crossed the Baltic and conquered at Leipzig. Battles and marches, detachments and garrisons, and, above all, the camp fever, had thinned the ranks of those veterans, and they were replaced by recruits who had learned little as yet from their comrades, except their martial ardor. The Romish watchword was "Jesus—Mary." The king repeated the watchword under which his army had already been crowned so often with victory: "God with us." At eleven the heavy fog rolled away, the sun burst forth and the two hosts looked on each other. The artillery opened the battle. The Swedish infantry charged on the

centre of Wallenstein's squares and broke them. The cuirassiers of Piccolomini came to the relief of the infantry with such force that the Swedes were driven back, leaving seven of their cannon in the hands of the foe. Gustavus called out to his favorite colonel, as he pointed to the cuirassiers, in their black armor: "Charge those black fellows or they will do us mischief." Galloping before his men, he threw himself on the flank of another regiment of cuirassiers. The exalted spirit of the champion of religious liberty—the Gideon of Protestantism—had in this, his last hour, its purest flame. "Now then!" he cried. "God is our strength! Let us at them! O Jesus, Jesus, help us to fight for the glory of thy holy name!" He led his men on to the thickest of the fight. His ardor carried him beyond the body of his troops, and but a few horsemen kept up with him. At this moment a pistol shot broke his left arm. He still

continued to encourage his comrades. "It is nothing!" he cried. "Follow me!" But his failing strength soon compelled him to turn his horse's head. As he turned, an Austrian cavalier in bright armor—probably Falkenberg—who knew him, cried out: "Art thou here? I have long sought thee!" and discharged his carbine into the king's shoulder, near the spine. The king fell from his horse. He said faintly to the Duke of Lauenburg: "Brother, my life is gone; look to your own." He lay in a death-swoon till a party of irregular cavalry, who were plundering the slain, roused him and inquired who he was. "I am the King of Sweden," he replied, "and seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the German nation." A soldier among the plunderers, on receiving this answer, shot the king through the head, and another stabbed him with his sword. The dying king had still strength enough to say: "My God! my

God!" Once more he opened his lips to say: "My poor queen!" and all was over. A desperate struggle had taken place before the body of the king was abandoned. Every one about him had been either killed or mortally wounded, except the Duke of Lauenburg, who was afterward widely believed, but on very insufficient grounds, to have assassinated Gustavus. Not until after the battle was the body recovered. It was found plundered and stripped. Nine fresh wounds were upon it, with many a scar from the older battles. Borne upon an ammunition wagon, with the king's favorite white standard before it, it was brought in the night into the village church of Meuchen. The troops who escorted it did not dismount, but rode by torchlight around the altar before which it was laid.

The sorrow which the death of the king occasioned throughout Protestant Germany and in Sweden is painted by those who lived

at the time in the liveliest colors. Country
 Sorrow over the death of Gustavus. and town, citizen, peasant
 and soldier, all united to
 mourn the irreparable loss. They wandered
 about like a flock without a shepherd, loudly
 bewailing the death of their prince, their
 liberator; for such was Gustavus Adolphus to
 them all. Never was a sovereign more re-
 vered, more loved or more wept for. Every
 one would have his portrait, and there was
 not a cottage in Germany where it was not to
 be found. And that popular impression was
 as deep and enduring as it was general. In
 1796 a traveler mentions that the Saxon pos-
 tilion never passed the Schwedenstein without
 reverently lifting his hat. And if traditional
 reverence has since grown fainter, that which
 arises from wider education and an increased
 love of religious and political freedom has
 taken its place, and the memory of Gustavus
 Adolphus abides as life-like as ever.

Maria Eleanora, the queen of Gustavus, to
The Queen. Sweden. whom, next to God, his dying
1631-33. thoughts had been directed,
loved her husband with intense devotion.
He had parted from her at Erfurt, as he left
for his last campaign, with a presentiment
that it might cost him his life. Committing
his queen to the tender care of the magistracy
of the city, he had said: "In anticipation that
it may be God's pleasure that this expedition
on which I now enter may prove fatal to me,
I appeal to your honor and integrity to con-
tinue firm in your attachment to my dear
consort." He then turned to his queen, but
his emotions overcame him. He tried in vain
to find utterance. With a fervent embrace,
and repeatedly exclaiming with a broken
voice, "God bless you!" he tore himself away
and galloped toward the rear of his army,
which was now in full march. The intelli-
gence of the awful calamity at Lützen brought

the heart-broken queen to Weissenfels, where the body of the king, embalmed, was lying. The queen took her place by the body as chief mourner, hardly quitting it for a moment until its final interment. The sad procession, attended by the sobs of thousands, moved in melancholy state to Pomerania. All Germany was melted into one passionate love and reverence for her great defender. In advance of the bier were four thousand Swedish soldiers, in deep mourning, with arms reversed. More than a hundred horses caparisoned in black followed it. "The royal standard of Sweden, so heavy with emblazonry as to require the strength of several men to support and display it; the richly-inlaid armor of Gustavus, together with his sword, which had been recovered from the battle-field of Lützen; the ball which had been extracted from his body, and yet bore the marks of his blood," were borne in the procession. When

the flotilla had reached the coast of Sweden, and the disembarkation began, a tempest arose, and the thunder mingled with the roar of the artillery from the forts and ships of war. Not until more than a year after reaching Stockholm were the royal remains committed to the mausoleum prepared for them. The inscription on his tomb closes with these words:

“IN ANGUSTIIS INTRAVIT:

Pietatem amavit:

Hostes prostravit:

Regnum dilatavit:

Suescos exaltavit:

Oppressos liberavit:

MORIENS TRIUMPHAVIT.”

That is: “IN TRYING TIMES HE ENTERED:
Piety he loved: His enemies he overthrew:
His kingdom he enlarged: The Swedes he
lifted up: The oppressed he liberated: DY-
ING HE TRIUMPHED.”

The queen for long, sad years refused com-

fort and brooded over her loss. The heart of Gustavus, which had been embalmed separately, she kept in her chamber in a golden box, to which she went day after day to weep. At length the state of her health, broken by sorrow, led the Senate to implore her to allow the noble heart to be laid with the form of Gustavus. She finally yielded, but instituted, in memory of him for whom she mourned, the Order of the Golden Heart.

The Town and Battle-
field of Lützen.

The little town of Lützen lies some ten or twelve miles from Leipzig. From the station at Corbetha, on the line between Halle and Weimar, a pleasant two hours' stroll along footpaths and cross-roads, through a land of teeming fertility, alive with population, brings the traveler to it. He finds a rope ferry at the Saale, which is here a sullen, deep stream, cutting its way through the gravel. He passes the pretty, bowery village of Vesta, with its aged

lindens, and thence traverses the open plain in the middle of which Lützen lies. A rich and joyous-looking expanse of land, studded with villages and tall church-steeple, lies before him; here and there he sees bedded in the soil one of those boulders of dark red granite which the glaciers transported hither, in the ancient eras of geology, from distant Scandinavia. Far in the south the first blue outlines of the Erz-gebrige faintly show themselves. Such is the aspect of the vast battlefield of Northern Germany, the scene of some of the greatest military events of modern history, of which it may be said, with even greater truth than of the plains round Waterloo, that "not an ear of corn is free from the blood of men." Lützen itself is a thoroughly old-fashioned, forgotten-looking little Saxon town. Passing the town, and following the road to Leipzig for about three-quarters of an English mile, the traveler discovers on his

right the central object of his search—the “Swedes’ Stone.” It stands not exactly on the spot where the king is supposed to have fallen, but within a few yards of it. The stone is one of those rough Scandinavian boulders already mentioned, brought thither by God before man was upon earth, to mark the spot where Scandinavia’s greatest son was to lay down his life. The stone bears on its northern face, fronting the road, the inscription “G. A. 1632.” It is surrounded, after the kindly German fashion, with a little shrubbery and a gravel walk, and is surmounted by a Gothic arch of cast iron, placed there some twenty-five years ago, executed in fair taste, but injuring the simplicity of the stern old monument. It was a bold, fine thought of Jacob Erichson, the king’s body-servant and fellow-soldier, though carried out with something of the roughness belonging to the age, when he harnessed

thirteen peasants of the neighboring village of Meuchen to this stone, which lay at some distance, and made them drag it, "with sweat and tears," to its present site, from whence it looks eternally over the northern plain of Germany toward the hero's own distant home.

History has grown cold and critical. Our times seem to have a pleasure in decrying the subjects of our early enthusiasm, in lowering the special heroes of our imaginations. But history has not ventured even to attempt this with the fame of Gustavus Adolphus. A halo
 Character of Gustavus. of something like superhuman dignity surrounds him. So it was even with his contemporaries. Those who saw him every day seem still to have regarded him rather as an agent of Providence—the embodiment of a great purpose—than an ordinary man. He was thus marked from the beginning. When his father, Charles IX., was exhorted in councils to designs to which

he felt unequal, he would lay his hand on the head of his boy and say, "*He will do it!*" Gustavus relinquished the love of his youth as his first great renunciation for the grander purpose of his life. Ebba Brahé, two years younger than Gustavus, of noble blood, gentle disposition and exquisite beauty, had impressed the young king with a love which animated him in the midst of those early battles by which he saved Sweden that he might save Europe. The king was, at the time of his first pure love, still slight, was tall and well-proportioned, with fair, almost golden hair, a beard inclining to brown, an aquiline nose and a countenance whose pale gravity was tempered with great sweetness of expression. Beautiful, brave and eloquent, he needed not his kingdom to win the heart of Ebba Brahé. But the future felt itself into the present, and Gustavus married for reasons of state; but not until Ebba Brahé had been

given to another. He relinquished not only the luxuries of the palace, but the common comforts of life. In his earliest moments he tamed one by one his hard-necked neighbors of the North, as a preparation for the mightier destinies which he alone foresaw. As the incarnation of Providence he appeared to the Germans when he came as their deliverer. His noble features, his bright blue eyes, his golden hair—the “King of Gold” the Italians called him—produced the effect of an angelic messenger. Not that he was affectedly superior to other men; on the contrary, he was simple, affable, freespoken among his associates even to a fault. The Jesuits of Munich and the peasants of Bavaria were won by his gentleness and justice. He was of that rare class of men whose superiority is such that no familiarity seems to diminish the distance between them and others. Much of this was due to that deep religious conviction

which, when openly avowed and consistently acted on, always awes minds conscious of their own falling short. Cromwell could not have been more convinced of his own divine vocation, or more fearless in his expression of reliance on it; but there is something of the earth, earthy, in the zeal of Cromwell, even when taken at its best, which contrasts unfavorably with the earnest, manly, single-minded piety of Gustavus. And the consequence is, that while Cromwell's enemies made him out a hypocrite, and have left probably a majority of men persuaded that he was so, no detractor has ever even attempted to fasten such an imputation on the Swede. His conduct was throughout a noble exemplification of the religion he professed. If he ever had the conviction that the only solution of the awful questions of the era might be his own elevation to the position of Protestant Emperor of Germany, it was no personal am-

bition which moved him, but ardor for a great cause and for the glory of God. His genius as a soldier was of the highest order. He reconstructed the whole art of war. He substituted the great principle of momentum for inert weight. Napoleon placed Gustavus among the eight greatest soldiers of the world, of whom Alexander the Great was the first, Napoleon himself the last. Germany has won her great victories of to-day over Austria and France by her more perfect embodiment of the principles of war which Gustavus initiated. Sadowa and Woerth are but Leipzig and Lützen on a grander scale. Sweden, under Gustavus, was the head of the Protestant interest in Europe. The reign of Gustavus—one of the greatest among soldiers and statesmen, and perhaps the only righteous conqueror—has an epic grandeur, the solemnity of which is deepened by the sad recollection of his untimely fall. Cut off in the bloom of

years—he was but thirty-eight—the maturity of intellect and the full career of victory, he closed on the field of Lützen a life which, if prolonged, might have changed the destinies of modern Europe, given unity to Germany under a Protestant emperor, and reconduted, with more enlightened policy and nobler intentions, the conquering arms of the North to the Tiber and Bosphorus. “Posterity cannot know, scarce guess, all that to the eagle eye of Gustavus that monarchy was destined to be. The eagle fell, struck down in his flight. But that flight had been directed toward the sun. And though war yet rolled to and fro its bloody tide for many a year over the spot where he fell, the place is sanctified by the triumph of light, and there is breathed the peace of mankind.’



CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE IRON AGE WENT OUT.

"I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron."—ISAIAH xlv. 2.

THE young Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar was one of the most brilliant officers of Gustavus. In the repulse of Tilly, in the battle near Werben (1631), Bernhard drove back the imperial cuirassiers; and such was his daring that Gustavus was compelled gently to warn him against displays of personal courage which were inconsistent with discipline and prudence. At the head of three hundred horsemen he dashed up to the gates of Mannheim, and pretending that he

and his men were imperialists hotly pursued by Gustavus' troops, gained admittance and took the garrison completely by surprise (1632). He was sent by Gustavus in pursuit of Ossa (1632). In the attack of Gustavus on Wallenstein at the hill and ruined old castle of the Altenwald, Bernhard was among the foremost of the brave and had a horse shot under him (August 24, 1632). When Wallenstein attempted to pass through the forest of Thuringia to form a junction with Pappenheim, Bernhard completely thwarted him. At Erfurt, where Gustavus met his queen for the last time, she gave, at the king's suggestion, a costly diamond to the duke, just before his departure for the purpose of watching the movements of Pappenheim. In the great battle of Lützen the fame of Bernhard is next to that of Gustavus. When Gustavus fell, the intelligence of his death was immediately

VI. Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar. 1631-1639.

communicated to the Swedish generals. His well-known white charger, galloping loose and bloody about the field, announced to many more that some disaster had befallen him. The whole extent of the calamity, however, was known to few, but a burning desire ran through the ranks to rescue their idolized king if he were living, or to avenge him if dead. Bernhard sustained and animated the enthusiasm. When retreat was suggested, the fiery duke replied that it was not a question of retreat, but of vengeance in victory. When one of his officers refused to advance at his order, he ran him through with his sword, and after a few words rousing the ardor of his men to the highest pitch, he led them to the attack. Through the fierce and long-dubious struggle of the terrible day Bernhard bore the noblest part. The death of Gustavus left him in the chief command of the army, a position to which his bravery,

ability and devotion to the cause entitled him. In 1633 he got possession of Regensburg. In 1634 he united his forces with those of France. He defeated the imperialists at Rheinfelden (1638), and took Savelli and Von Werth, two of their greatest generals, prisoners. The most important event between 1635 and 1639 was his conquest of Alsace, which he desired to add to his own duchy. France, however, was unwilling to allow him to possess it, as she desired to have it for herself. Bernhard's intention had hardly been made known before he fell so suddenly ill as to excite suspicion that he had been poisoned by order of Richelieu. He died July 8, 1639, at the age of thirty-six years, one-half of which he had spent on the battlefield. He was the youngest of eleven brothers, every one of whom who reached man's estate bore arms against the emperor.

Among Gustavus' greatest generals was

Baner. Baner, when a boy, had fallen from
VII. Baner. Witt- a window at a terrible height;
stock. Bohemia.
1639-1641. but, though perfectly con-
scious when he was picked up, had neither
groaned nor cried. Gustavus then prophe-
sied that he would become a great soldier.
He strongly resembled Gustavus in appear-
ance. It was said that in his various battles
eighty thousand of the enemy had fallen, and
that he had taken six hundred colors. He
fought under Gustavus against the Russians
and Poles. He rendered great services in the
war in Germany. He was unable to take
part in the battle of Lützen because of a
severe wound in his arm. The imperialists
and Saxons were beaten by him at Wittstock
(September 24, 1636). In the spring of 1640
he was driven out of Bohemia into Hesse and
Hanover by the imperialists, but his retreat
was a masterpiece of skill. The enemy had
boasted that they had got him in a bag. "So

they had," said Baner, "and they had tied up the mouth of it too, but they had forgotten to darn the hole in the bottom of it."

In the autumn of the same year the emperor offered peace to the Protestant princes on terms which they regarded as inadmissible. They reinforced the army of Baner, who in January, 1641, advanced as far as Regensburg, in hope of surprising the Diet which was sitting there. Here a French corps united with his army, but he was delayed by a thaw in the Danube and defeated by the imperialists. In the retreat he lost half his troops, and died in the month of May, 1641, bequeathing, by his last testament, Torstenston to the army as his successor.

In this great crisis, Torstenston, who had thus solemnly been called to the command of the Swedish army, led them to triumph and final victory. He did not so much conquer in detail as sweep through Saxony, Silesia

and Moravia, and his light horse appeared in the neighborhood of Vienna itself. He was compelled for a time to return to the North, in consequence of a war breaking out between Denmark and Sweden.

VIII. Torstenston.
Austria. Denmark.
1641-46.

Christian IV. of Denmark, who had been so terribly beaten of old by Tilly and Wallenstein, fared no better in battle with the Swedes. But while Torstenston was beating the Danes in Jutland, the imperialists suddenly appeared in Holstein to shut him up in a trap between two great armies. From this dangerous position he escaped by a bold manœuvre, which he executed with his usual rapidity. He showed the mastery of soul over body, for though he suffered cruelly with the gout, and had to be carried in a litter, his marches were of the most rapid and brilliant character. He now advanced as if to attack the imperialists, but suddenly turned to the right, crossed Holstein, burst

through every obstacle to the very heart of Germany, and compelled the imperial army to follow him with all their speed to save the hereditary States of the emperor. When the imperialists caught up with them, the Swedes turned, beat them back and resumed their march. But half the army which had left Austria ever returned. Torstenston, in 1645, attacked the imperialists and Saxons, in Eastern Germany, at Jankowitz, defeated them in a bloody battle and made their general prisoner. In one campaign he made himself master of Silesia and Moravia, and pitched his camp near the capital of Austria. Two of the great Protestant electors, who were in alliance with the emperor, renounced it, and made a separate peace with Sweden. The gout, which had compelled Torstenston to be carried through the rapid marches, now became so aggravated by exposure and effort that he was compelled in 1646 to lay down

his command. He was made governor of several of the conquered provinces. Christina, the daughter of Gustavus, who became Queen of Sweden, made Torstenston Duke of Orjala. He lived for three years after the peace.

IX. The French.

1644-1647.

An important part in the Thirty Years' War was borne by France, and, what at first seems unaccountable, she was on the Protestant side. That the nation which is stained with the massacre of St. Bartholomew's night—one of the most awful crimes in the long record of Roman Catholic murders—should take part in securing freedom to Protestantism may indeed be strange, but it is not really more strange than a thousand other instances in which the providence of God overrules the evil passions of men to his glory. For many generations the vehement desire of France has been to break down the

strength of Germany and to get part of the German territory for herself. In the hope of weakening the German empire and of appropriating part of it, France helped the Protestants in their hour of need, first with money, afterward with armies. When the Swedes, under Horn, were routed at Nördlingen (September 7, 1634) and their general taken prisoner, all Southern Germany fell into the hands of the imperialists. At this crisis France entered into an alliance with some of the German princes. The King of France professed merely to desire to protect the civil rights of the German States against the tyranny of the emperor, and not at all to help the cause of Protestantism. The strict Romanists were awfully scandalized, in spite of his transparent plea. A Jesuit wrote a book to show that it was not quite consistent for the same man to kill the Protestants on one side of the Rhine and to send armies to protect them on the

other. This book was answered by the king's theological doctors in a manner which saved much time and trouble. They had the book burned by the hangman. The author was in Germany, or, Jesuit though he was, he might have been handed over to the hangman too. The alliance of France with some of the Protestant States gave great alarm to the others. They had no faith that any good to Germany could spring from the French entering it. Saxony, Brandenburg and other States made peace with the emperor on terms which seemed to show that he had abandoned all idea of oppressing the Lutheran Church. But peace was not yet to come. It seemed to be written in God's purposes that a larger liberty was yet to be accorded to his children, and that a deeper humiliation was to await his foes. The French, in their earliest battles, were beaten; but a new army, under Turenne and D'Enghein, who was afterward

the great Condé, drove the imperialists beyond the Black Forest, leaving the Palatinate, Alsace and Baden in the hands of the conquerors (autumn, 1644). In 1647 Turenne was victor at Allerheim, conquered Suabia and marched on Munich. At this low stage of the emperor's fortunes, Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria, the greatest and hitherto the most faithful of his allies, abandoned him, to the great disgust of the Bavarian army and of the generals, who considered the act one of high treason. A plot was formed by Von Werth to restore the army to the emperor and to seize the elector and his ministers, but the plot was discovered and Von Werth fled for his life.

X. End of the War.
Wrangel. Königs-
mark. Prague. 1646-
1648.

It was evident that the end was near. One drop more would make the overflow. One straw laid on would break the back of oppression. The Swedes had begun the

work ; the Swedes put the finishing hand to it. Wrangel was the successor of Torstenstön, and his great movements were made in conjunction with Königsmark, the lieutenant of Torstenstön, and one of the ablest Swedish generals. On the 7th of May, 1648, Königsmark defeated the imperialists near Augsburg. He now invaded Bohemia, and on the 31st of July captured in part the city of Prague. This was the last important military event of the Thirty Years' War. When it took place, France had withdrawn and Sweden stood alone. At Prague the war had begun, at Prague it ended. Thirty awful years of struggle had shown that if Protestantism went to the bottom, it would carry the empire with it. The empire was willing enough to kill, but not willing to die. The swimmers in that sea of carnage, with little left but life, weak and panting, relaxed their grasp on each other. Their breath was faint, but there

was enough of it left to gasp the one word—peace.

In 1648, the twelfth year of the reign of Ferdinand III., thirty years after the opening of the war, it came to a close at the city at which it had begun. By the victories of Gustavus Adolphus, and by the exploits of those whom he had taught not only to conquer, but to be formidable even in defeat, peace was at last established. The Roman Catholics were compelled to renounce their gigantic schemes of counter-reformation, their plan of overcoming truth by murder, and of suppressing conscience in the dungeon and at the stake. The treaty of peace was signed at Munster, in Westphalia, in 1648, and by it were “cemented the guarantees which the desolation of Germany and the mortal dangers, anxieties and miseries of thirty years afforded, that the freedom of religion would not again be rashly

XI. Peace of West-
phalia. Munster.
1648.

disturbed." By this peace, in addition to various political changes and restorations, a more general toleration and a political equality of the Protestant and Roman Catholic communions were established. The benefits which had, by connivance, been extended to the Calvinistic Reformed Churches, under the peace of 1555, as adherents of the Augsburg Confession, were now formally conferred upon them. Protestantism had won for herself on the battle-field security in her rights. Sweden had conquered much and retained little, but she had given Gustavus Adolphus to save Europe, and Gustavus and his noble men have left their pure renown as a heritage more precious to her than would be the possession of all the lands she wrested from cruel hands and restored to peace and a pure faith. In the maintenance of religious freedom by sacrifice and valor the name of Sweden is one of the first names in the history of mankind.

The blessings bought by the Thirty Years' War had been purchased at an awful price. To detail the mischief and horrors produced by this protracted contest is impossible. Such a detail would compel us to notice the

XII. Results of the Thirty Years' War.
 I. Evil Results. checks to improvement, the waste of wealth and life, the

physical and mental suffering, the overflowing of corruption and ferocity, by which the course of the war was marked. "In the dreary picture we see whole regions depopulated, schools deserted, churches destroyed, lands where the pleasant voice of the vine-dresser was wont to be heard turned into a lair of wild beasts, a desolate and howling wilderness; cities once flourishing, burnt down or in ruins, and almost without inhabitants; three-fourths of the population, in some places, gone; soldiers and peasants mutilating each other with rival barbarity; pestilence sweeping away whole armies;

famine stalking abroad in its various shapes of need and voracity, and at last stifling the strongest and most tender feelings of the human heart." The wounds which Germany received are not all healed to this hour. To Roman Catholic princes had been committed the work of preserving German unity. The result of their guardianship was persecution, bloodshed, severance of the dearest ties, national ruin. Under the fairer auspices of Protestantism, with its guaranties of freedom and its spirit of toleration, a new era of hope is now beginning, and the war of 1870, which unites Germany against a foreign foe, may, by God's grace, help to remove the dis-severance and alienation which was one of the worst results of that long struggle in which the sons of Germany struck at each others' hearts.

The Thirty Years' War, as our historic outline shows, was really not one war, but a

series of wars, which went on for thirty years; sometimes more than one war being waged at a time. Every great nation in Europe was brought into it in some way. Though it was really a war for religious liberty, yet, as in everything with which poor fallen man has to do, many other feelings mingled with the right one. Some Protestant princes for a while were on the wrong side, either because they thought they ought not to fight against their emperor, or because they were misled by selfish or mistaken views. France, though it was a Roman Catholic country, took part with the Protestants because France was afraid and jealous of the power of the German empire. If she loved Rome much, she loved herself more. She was then just what she is now. But very often in these great wars what man means is one thing and what God means is another. The Thirty Years' War was, therefore, in fact,

the greatest war in the history of the world for truth and freedom of conscience. Its

2. Good Results. triumphant close dispelled the horror and doubt which had so long mingled with the fears of the Protestant world. Had Germany fallen, all Protestantism would have fallen with her. That great future which has followed those scenes of blood would never have risen upon the world. There would now be no free Germany, no free England, no free America, and this nineteenth century, with the two which preceded it, would have fallen in as a part of the Dark Ages restored. The Thirty Years' War saved the past, and thus made a future possible. It was a war for the dearest interests of all mankind; the most important and the most beneficent, as it was the most terrible, of the wars by which God has scourged and blessed the world.



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